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"THE CURT REPLY."

There are, we suppose, few of our readers who do not remember from very early days the anecdote of the ambitious **Raleigh** scratching on a window-pane, where it would meet the eye of his Royal mistress, the line—

> "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;"

and **Queen Elizabeth**'s dubious, or, as Mr. **Folingsby**'s title suggests, "curt," rejoinder, forming a couplet—

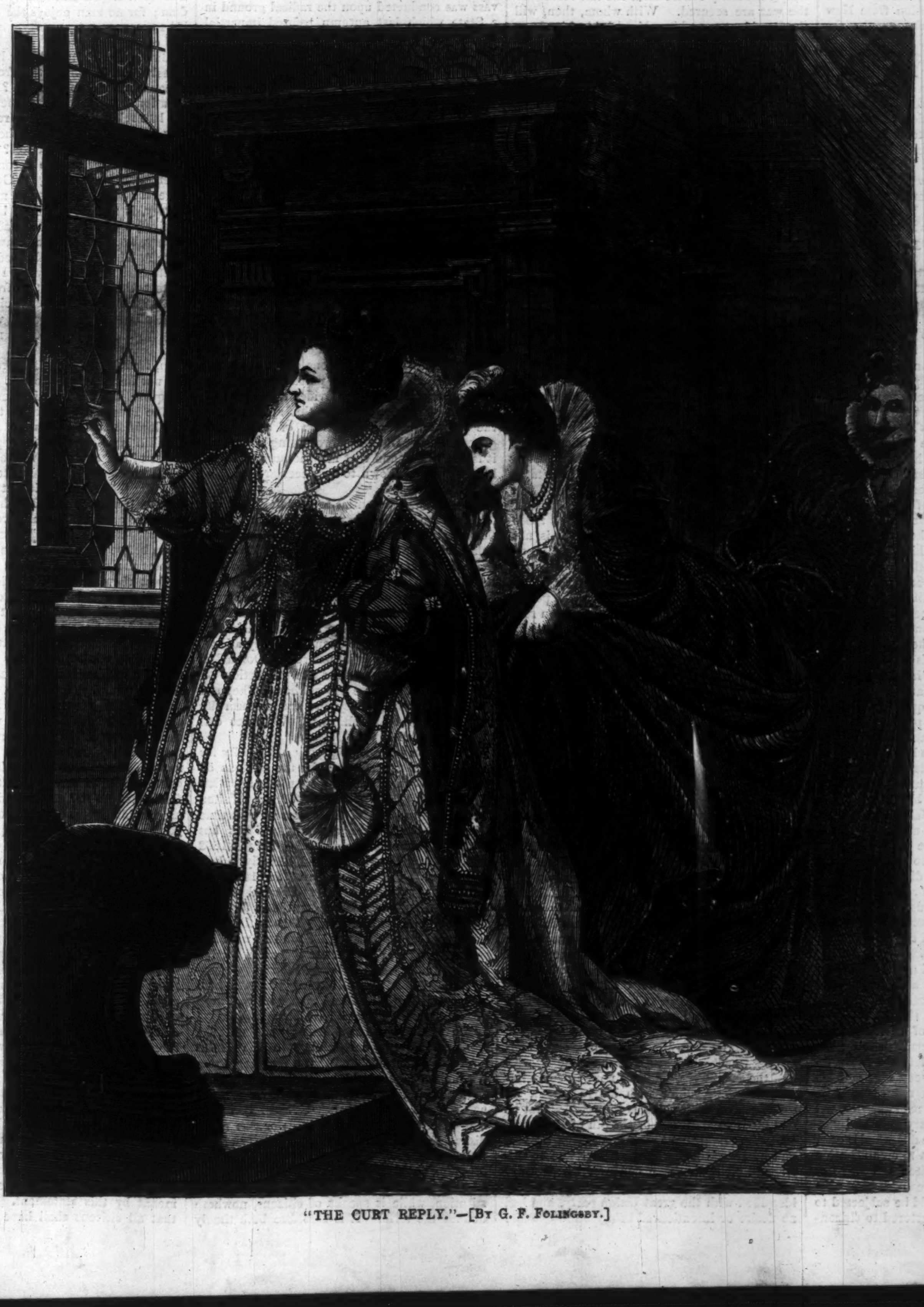
> "If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."

Yet we must confess that, unless the gentle reader has studied history to better purpose than ourselves, he will find some difficulty in fixing the time, place, and circumstance of the story. It is, of course, beneath the dignity of **Froude**; it has no documentary evidence to recommend it to Miss **Strickland**; it is not to be found in Miss **Aiken**'s more gossiping "Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth." We turn with confidence to **Tytler**'s tolerably elaborate "Life of Raleigh," and, lo! it is not even there. The first reference to it we light on is in one of the early memoirs of Sir **Walter**—that by **Oldys**. But this only proves a faint scent to guide our chase: the anecdote is given, but with no details whatsoever, and **Fuller**'s "Worthies" is quoted as the authority. But, alack-a-day! our fox only proves a buck hare after all. The anecdote is given in the baldest possible manner; only the phraseology is a little more antiquated, reading thus:

> Fain would I climb, yet fear
> I to fall.
> If thy heart fails thee, climb
> not at all.

The popularity of the anecdote is doubtless due in great measure to **Scott**'s introduction of it into "Kenilworth," where it appears with all the circumstantial embellishments of the novelist's imagination. The handsome young gallant has just been, according to the tradition, taken into the Queen's service in acknowledgment of the chivalrous sacrifice of his richly-embroidered cloak that Gloriana might walk dry-shod. Intoxicated with certain marks of the Queen's favor, received when accompanying her Majesty in her diversion on the river, and after the return to the palace at Greenwich, when, at evening, she was walking in the gardens, "Squire Lackcloak" contrived that a maid of honor should see him enter a summer-house and write on a window-pane with a diamond ring which the Queen had given him as a recompense for the loss of his cloak. The sequel is, of course, perfectly evident.

The attempt to paint an anecdote is generally a misemployment of the resources of art. However, we can hardly find fault with the artist for selecting a subject which enabled him to represent "good Queen Bess" in all her brave attire, and (whether the incident be true or false) so characteristically engaged. We must, however, take exception to the portraiture of her Majesty, as being as outrageously flattering, in its way, as **Raleigh**'s own extravagant adulations of "the goddess," "the Diana," "the Venus"—his excessively vain yet most sagacious Queen. At this time **Elizabeth** was approaching sixty, her features were very strongly marked, and she never had the embonpoint of the picture. The peeping **Raleigh** is, on the contrary, not so good-looking as his authentic portraits. Mr. **Folingsby** is an Irish artist, studying at Munich. In No. 460 we gave an excellent picture by him of "John Bunyan in Bedford Jail."



"THE CURT REPLY."—[By G. F. Folingsby.]

THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI.

We give on page 228 illustrations of the recent conflagration in Cincinnati, sketched on the spot by our artist, Mr. **Waud**. The fire broke out in **Pike**'s Opera-house. This building—the most splendid structure of the kind in the West—was completely destroyed. Very fortunately the immense audience, congregated to hear "Midsummer Night's Dream," had dispersed before the accident occurred, otherwise we should have occasion to detail the horrible features of another human holocaust devoted to the Moloch of Flame.

The first appearance of the fire—due, it is thought, to a gas explosion—was in the scenery back of the stage at 11.30 P.M. The Cincinnati *Commercial* thus describes the scene which followed:

> "In five minutes the flames had wrapped the whole magnificent interior of stage and auditorium, and burst through the rear portion of the roof. On the wings of the draught thus provided, the flames shot up to a great height and lapped over upon adjoining buildings. Soon huge masses of black smoke burst from the cornice of the Fourth Street front windows. At a quarter of twelve the scene was exciting in the extreme. The half square bounded by Fourth, Vine, Baker, and Walnut streets had a dome of luridly gleaming flames, through which columns of smoke shot up, and from which showers of sparks and bunches of flames floated upward, and then descended upon the burning mass below. The dome and ceiling, with their gorgeous and artistic ornamentation, fell with the roof with a terrific crash, and there burst upward a dazzling light, blinding in its intensity. Slowly but surely the fire crept down through the various stories of the edifice—through offices and studios—steadily down to the magnificent stores, running the entire length of the building on the first floor of Fourth Street, into the wealth of literature, the tens of thousands worth of books of **Carroll**'s store, the valuable stock of **Sumner**'s sewing-machines, the fine music-store of W. C. **Peters**, and Philip Philip's pianos, the immense goods stored in the Adams Express rooms, the college-rooms of **Bryant, Stratton, & De Han**'s Commercial Institute, the editorial room of the National Union. **Harpel**'s job printing establishment, with its valuable machinery, and all the dozen offices besides. From the rear and west side of the Opera-house the flames marched with overwhelming strength to the extensive stables of the Adams Express Company and the buildings of the Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer*. The fall of a large mass of wall upon the rear of the *Enquirer* building insured its partial destruction, and soon the flames were communicated to the rear of the first and second floors, and rushing onward crept through the front windows, and told the story of their power to the firemen, who crept up to grapple with them. But with the same power already so terribly used the devouring flames wrapped the structure in their embrace, and the work of destruction was soon far advanced through the job-rooms, where were stored nearly $100,000 worth of cuts; through job-presses, and composing-rooms, and editorial rooms; through the engraving-rooms of **Jones & Hart**—all totally destroyed."

The total loss is estimated at $1,751,000, over one-half of which was involved in the ruin of **Pike**'s Opera-house.

Our artist has sketched the scene presented by the ruins the day after the fire. An interesting feature of the sketch is the view given of the Chain-gang at work among the ruins.

THE LATE KING OF SIAM.

It is perhaps not generally known that there are usually two Kings of Siam. But the Siamese Royal brethren, an elder and a younger—not Siamese twins—hold unequal shares in the divided monarchy—two-thirds of the power being vested in the First and one-third in the Second King. The junior of their fraternal Majesties has lately been removed by death; we therefore give his portrait on page 236. The senior, whose fame as a learned Buddhist sage, with his other philosophical and literary accomplishments, has been attested by high authority, pursues a wise and liberal policy, which has resulted in a great increase of the prosperity of his kingdom, since the treaty of 1855 opened the navigation of the Meinam and other Siamese rivers to European shipping and commerce. In the year 1864 the foreign export and import trade of Siam amounted to more than $12,500,000, and employed 55,000 tons of British shipping, besides a great quantity carried on in native vessels, which are built of the teak wood of the country, on the best European models, in the dock-yards of the Meinam. The export of rice, especially to China, is a most important article of Siamese enterprise, amounting to 125,000 tons in the year; and this kingdom is in a fair way of becoming one of the wealthiest and most civilized of Eastern states. The Second King, recently deceased, "would have been," says Sir John Bowring, "a very distinguished man, if he were not eclipsed by the more active nature and more prominent position of his elder brother. He spoke pure English, wrote a hand which might be a pattern for a European schoolmaster; he had work-shops for the manufacture of scientific and mechanical instruments; he had, moreover, a taste for literature, and I found the shelves of his library filled with European, and especially English, books." The palace at Bangkok, in which both Kings resided together, is a huge pile, inhabited by about 2000 persons: the First King's wives being more than 300. There was little distinction, as regards the pomp and ceremonies of their Court, between the royal pair.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 14, 1866.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

It was unfortunate that the President should have lately said to a delegation from New Jersey that he is too old to change, for the greatest changes of his life have occurred within the last five years, and no reasonable man is ever too old to be convinced. Especially at a time like this, when the wisdom of public policy and the national welfare depend not upon theories but upon the actual condition of affairs, it is surely the part of wisdom to cultivate patience and toleration and an open mind. During the dark days of the war a Union Senator came one day from an interview with President Lincoln and exclaimed, impatiently: "There's no bracing atmosphere at the White House! The President's mind is never made up. No Union man is stronger for seeing him." Then it was a very dull Union man. Mr. Lincoln was strong because he was patient. His patience enabled him to know and to weigh exactly the force of opinions. If he had constantly said upon the vital points of the war, "My mind is made up. I am not to be moved," he would have lacked precisely the distinctive quality of his greatness as a man and of his fitness as President.

President Johnson's temperament differs from President Lincoln's as General Jackson's did from General Washington's. Mr. Johnson likes a fight. All his life he has been a sturdy political champion. He has been trained in the most orthodox discipline of the most despotic of parties, and he gives blows as well as takes them. At the close of a fierce war he stepped into the Presidency over the body of his predecessor murdered by those who would gladly have killed him; and his grim resolution to maintain the Constitution and Union, as he understood them, promised to be inflexible against all whose views differed from his own. But forgetting, as it seems to us, that the most patriotic men may honestly differ in a crisis like the present, he rather imprudently recognizes as the only friends of the Union those who support his policy in every point, without weighing the probable and obvious motives of such support in many quarters. Thus while he declares himself with peculiar emphasis the defender of the Union and Constitution it is remarkable that those who have not shown during the war that they were its enemies doubt the wisdom of some of his measures, while those who have been the open and bloody or secret and treacherous foes of the Union, now vehemently applaud every word he utters and every act he does. Is it that those who with Andrew Johnson have hitherto defended the Union against every assault did not comprehend what they were doing; or is it that those who after long deliberation struggled fiercely to destroy it, are at heart its most intelligent advocates, its truest friends, and the safest counselors in its reorganization?

But this rapturous approval of the President by his political enemies is not a new phenomenon. The party which advised surrender to the rebellion, and exhausted the language in contemptuous vituperation of Mr. Johnson while he stood like a rock against their treasonable fury, has no course left but to excite and exasperate division between him and his friends. They applaud him not because he demands that treason shall be made odious, not because he maintained military rule and suspended the *habeas corpus* in the disturbed States, not because he imposed assent to emancipation upon those States and excepted large classes from amnesty, not because he demanded that "a public enemy * * * should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship," but because his measures do not command the unqualified support of all Union men, and because they hope to widen a difference into a fatal breach. When Mr. S. S. Cox, who said at Chicago in 1864 that Lincoln and Davis ought to be brought to the same block together now says at New Haven that Mr. Johnson, the faithful friend of Mr. Lincoln and elected with him, is the best of Presidents, it is hard to believe that a politician so experienced as Mr. Johnson does not estimate such support at its true value. He must know that the breach between him and the Copperheads is irreparable. He must know that they would willingly use him as a wedge to split the Union party, as a stalking-horse to their own purposes, as a spring-board to leap into power; that they would use him to the last and then contemptuously discard him. He ought surely to know that the party which must rely for success upon its old alliance with the old spirit of Slavery in the South, and not upon the new spirit of Union and Liberty there, would as soon vote for Charles Sumner as for Andrew Johnson. The Copperhead policy of to-day is a vast reaction against the spirit and results of the war and in favor of the old Southern policy. In such a reaction does the military Governor of Tennessee, the Senator who alone from his section defied to the death the leaders of that old Southern policy, think that he has any place? Had the Presbyterian chiefs honor and confidence in the Court of the Restoration?

The President can not hope to create a new party however doubtful States may waver. The Union party comprising that overwhelming majority of loyal men who sustained the war can not disband merely because the war is over. It will of necessity cohere until the fair results of the war are secured. With whom, then, will the President trust himself, with his friends or his foes? However he may differ with those friends, can the difference be really so radical as it is with his opponents? We have no wish to conceal that difference. The various views and measures which compose what is called "the President's policy" are undoubtedly held and proposed by him in perfect good faith. They are inspired by the conviction that the great object now to be attained is security with conciliation, and the preservation of our constitutional system. In this conviction all patriotic men will agree. But upon the question what is security, and what is or is not Constitutional, there are wide differences. When the President assumes that by a formal acceptance of the terms he has imposed the Union is really restored, when he refuses to hear of further delays or conditions; when he opposes any constitutional amendment, or any serious national legislation whatever until the late rebel States are represented in Congress: when he thinks that the present remedies of law are sufficient for whatever friction or wrong there may be in States so long distempered, or, if they are inadequate, that they should not be strengthened until those States have a voice in Congress, he differs from the vast body of the Union party, and apparently begs the very question at issue, which is, upon what conditions those States shall have a voice?

It is not enough that he declares himself the defender of the Constitution against those whom he calls its new assailants. It is not enough that he declares his abhorrence of centralization. It is not enough that he declares that he stands by the Union, and that those who do not agree in every point of his policy are enemies of the Union. That question still remains. The President is unquestionably pure of purpose, and very determined. He may be clear in comprehending and skillful in interpreting the Constitution. He has certainly proved his fidelity to the Union. But the equal integrity, and ability, and devotion, and firmness of Congress can not be questioned. President Johnson must see that the Union party can not accept the indiscriminate support of all his views and measures as the test of constitutional fidelity; and he makes a profound mistake if he regards the situation as a struggle between himself and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. When he sees those who have as little respect for Mr. Stevens's wisdom as he has himself gravely questioning his course, it is a fatal delusion if he sees only Mr. Stevens.

The question is simple. Is it possible for the President to believe that the party whose last general and official manifesto was the Chicago Platform of 1864 is sincerely the Union party of this country? Would he trust to that Convention to settle the questions of to-day more than of two years ago? If the alternative is presented to him of surrendering to that party, or of attempting to form a party composed of the Copperheads, the late rebels, and a few recruits from the Union line, or of continuing to act with those who have fought with him the good fight, but who now, in some important points, differ with his judgment, we shall believe, until belief is impossible, that he still holds to his words of the 8th of February, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and he should feel wholly at liberty so to differ, and to state the grounds of his contrary belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party, and had no desire or intention of being found outside. He intended to exercise his own judgment, but was ready to yield it when he found it was not sustained by the judgment of the people."

CONNECTICUT.

The result of the election in Connecticut is peculiarly significant. It shows the great Union line unbroken. It is a plain proclamation that the loyal people of that State, whose sons and brothers went to the war, from which so many never returned, are not yet ready to deliver the State and the country into the hands of those who denounced the war and excused the rebels. Isaac Toucey and Thomas H. Seymour, one of whom, as Secretary of the Navy, did what he could by sending away the national ships to paralyze the Government, and the other of whom, as candidate for Governor, openly expressed his sympathy with treason, are not the accepted political leaders of Connecticut.

The contest indeed was, as usual, severe, but the result was a remarkable triumph for the Union party. In 1864, at the Presidential election, when the honorable existence of the Union itself was at stake, the Union majority for Mr. Lincoln was only 2406. Now the war is over. There is naturally a certain reaction. The Copperheads masked themselves behind a candidate who voted for the war supplies in Congress, and even for the Constitutional Amendment. The Union party is disturbed by the attitude of the President. His sympathies, under the circumstances, were unquestionably against the successful candidate who had frankly declared his difference with the President upon certain points. The canvass was conducted upon the radical ground in a State which last autumn refused impartial suffrage by 7000 majority; and yet, notwithstanding all these influences which undoubtedly impaired the majority of General Hawley, reducing it to half of that of Mr. Lincoln, the whole Union ticket is elected: there are 14 Union Senators to 7 of the Opposition, and a Union majority of 50 in the House.

The result secures a Union Senator in Congress in place of Lafayette S. Foster, and, we hope, indicates that the question of impartial suffrage may be successfully revived at no distant day. It holds Connecticut firmly among the States the people of which, with charity for all and malice toward none, propose to reorganize the vast disturbance of the Union upon the simple constitutional basis of justice.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The Civil Rights Bill was drawn with simplicity and care for a very necessary purpose. It declares who are citizens of the United States, defines their rights, prescribes penalties for violating them, and provides the means of redress. The power to do this springs from the very nature and function of a supreme government. But the power being conceded, it is fair to demand that any measure of legislation shall be shown to be necessary, politic, and constitutional.

It is certainly essential to an intelligent use of language in the laws and common speech that the true meaning of citizenship should be defined. Nearly a fifth of the population of the country are colored. They are subject to the Government; they support the obligations and do the duty of citizens. Are they citizens or aliens? Can any thing be more unreasonable than to fear or hesitate to define their status? If they are not citizens, are they aliens, are they unnaturalized natives? Domiciled aliens and foreigners have the protection of law, indeed, but these are neither. They are native to the soil. They owe and perform the obligations of other citizens. Why not call them citizens?

That color was not originally a disability for citizenship is undeniable; for the citizens of the several States became, upon the adoption of the Constitution, citizens of the United States, and in some of the States at that time colored persons were not only citizens but voters. Naturalization and other laws in 1802 and 1803, by implication and directly, admit that color is not a disability. In 1843 Mr. Hugh S. Legare, Attorney-General of the United States, gave his opinion that a free colored man can be a citizen. But as the Government became thoroughly tainted with the spirit of slavery, the reluctance to acknowledge the fact increased and obscured the whole question. Mr. Marcy, as Secretary of State, held both opinions, that colored men were and were not citizens. Passports have been both issued and refused to them as citizens; and finally the spirit of slavery culminating in the Dred Scott decision, declared that a free negro was not a citizen. In 1862, under the Government purged of the influence of slavery, the question again arose, and Attorney-General Bates in a masterly opinion held that color was not a disqualification. But the baffled party of disunion still asserts the contrary. President Johnson in his veto of the Civil Rights Bill admits a difference of opinion; and the Constitution, while it speaks of citizens, nowhere defines the term. It is therefore both timely and wise, at the close of a civil war which has abolished slavery, that the highest authority should declare distinctly who are citizens of the United States, and what are the rights to which citizens are entitled.

The policy of such a measure is plain from the fact that the civil rights of millions of the native population of the United States are destroyed in certain parts of the country on the ground of color; that this invasion springs from the spirit and habit of slavery, and that, if not corrected by the supreme authority, the inevitable result will be a confirmation of that spirit, and a consequent perpetual menace of the public peace by deepening the conviction of the outraged class of the population that the chance of legal redress is hopeless. The good policy is evident from the further fact that the country earnestly desires repose, but that repose is and ought to be impossible while millions of loyal and tried friends of the Government are exposed, as in the absence of such a bill they are exposed, to the vengeance of those who are still, and naturally, alienated from the Government. Nothing can tend so surely to confirm the peace of the Union as the kindly but firmly expressed intention of the Government to protect and enforce the equal civil rights of every citizen; understanding by civil rights, according to Chancellor Kent, "the right of personal security, the right of personal liberty, and the right to acquire and enjoy property." This is substantially the explanation given by President Johnson of the right conferred by the Emancipation Amendment. "Liberty," he said to the colored soldiers and to Judge Wairdlaw, "means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." The Civil Rights Bill merely secures that freedom; for no man enjoys the fruit of his labor if he can not own property, and sue and testify and convey.

But if the United States had the constitutional right to confer this freedom, can it be unconstitutional to defend it? If it were constitutional for the Government to insist that the late rebel States should recognize this liberty, can it not insist that they shall assent to its definition and protection? What else was the significance of the second clause of the amendment authorizing the Government to enforce it? Having freed a man from chattel slavery, is the Government bound to look on passively and see him reduced again to virtual slavery, by a State vagrant law, for a trivial offense? The President, indeed, asks in his veto whether the present laws are not sufficient to protect the rights of the freedmen. What rights? If they are neither citizens, nor domiciled aliens, nor foreigners, what rights have they? Clearly their status must be determined before their rights can be defined; and then, if existing remedies are adequate, they are not impaired by the bill. If they are not adequate, the bill is plainly necessary.

The President's objection to the bill as special legislation is a manifest misapprehension. The bill is universal in its application. If the rights of any citizen of whatever birth or color are invaded any where in the country the bill provides the remedy, without any exclusion or exception whatever. But the veto lays great weight upon the fact that "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" must reside here five years before they can become citizens, and expresses the opinion that the bill discriminates against them in favor of those to whom the avenues of freedom and intelligence are just opened. But the President hardly puts the case fairly. Let us ask it in another way. If "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" are to be made both citizens and voters at the end of a residence of five years, is it unreasonable that worthy, intelligent, and patriotic natives, all whose interests and affections are and always have been bound up with the country, should be made citizens, merely, at the end of twenty-one years? If it be objected that the mass of the natives in question are not intelligent, will it be asserted that the mass of the foreigners are so? If it be right to take a foreigner totally ignorant of our language and government and the whole spirit of our system and give him a vote at the end of five years, can it be wrong to take a man like Robert Small, who instinctively knows and loves and struggles for the Government, and at the end of three years of emancipation give him, not so much as a vote, but the name and rights of a citizen? That is a question which we do not find answered in the Message.

The objection that the bill interferes with rightful State legislation is not sustained by a careful consideration of the bill. If the United States may lawfully define the civil rights of their citizens no State can lawfully impair those rights. The bill leaves the legislative discretion of the States unlimited by any thing but the fundamental civil rights of all citizens which the nation itself protects; and it gives the United States courts exclusive jurisdiction under an express clause of the Constitution.

But the most extraordinary objection urged by the President is that the Civil Rights Bill undertakes to settle questions of political economy. It is not easy to see precisely what is meant by this statement. The bill provides that all citizens shall have the same right to make contracts, to sue and be sued, to give evidence, to inherit and convey property. Is this settling questions of political economy? We should as soon have suspected that it was an attempt to solve astronomical problems.

But the serious objection to the veto lies in the fact, which is evident throughout, that the President thinks enough has been done to redeem the sacred honor of the United States, not of the separate States, pledged to the emancipated class. He says indeed that he will co-operate with Congress to protect them; but Congress has maturely considered and presented two methods of protection, and he rejects both. What is the President's plan? Is it to leave them to the Black Codes? Is it to call them free, thereby exasperating the late masters, and then suffer those masters unchecked to forbid them to own property, to bear arms, to testify, and to enjoy any of the rights of freedom? Is it to trust to time, and to hope that when the present generation, to whom we gave our word, is exterminated, some kind of justice may be done their posterity by those who come after us? The present danger to the Union is not in the direction feared by the President. It is not from the United States doing a simple Constitutional act of justice; it is from the States perpetuating the old injustice from which our troubles sprang. State rights interpreted by slavery brought us bitter alienation and bloody war. State rights interpreted by liberty can alone give us Constitutional unity and enduring peace.

WHAT IT COSTS TO CORNER WALL STREET.

About three months ago the leading director of the Erie Railway Company fancied he observed that the stock of that concern had been oversold by the reckless Bears of Wall Street, and undertook to "corner the shorts;" that is to say, to buy up the stock, so that the speculators who had sold it for future delivery should not be able to buy when they wanted it. The stock was then in the neighborhood of 80. The director bought and bought, and as he bought the stock rose. Pretty soon it was 85, then 90. Still the director bought on, and by-and-by it was 95, and presently 97. If he had gone on buying it might have been 100, or 110, or even 120, by this time. There are limits, however, to the capacity of even the boldest speculators. By the time the Erie director had bought rather more than all the stock afloat in this country he thought it was time to stop.

He had achieved one half of his enterprise. He had pretty thoroughly cornered the shorts. Foolish operators who had sold Erie short at 80, found themselves compelled to buy it in at 95, and the difference—$1500 on every hundred shares—went into the pocket of the speculative director. There were many who, having sold short at 80, refused to buy in at 95, and remained "short," borrowing the stock from day to day. These the speculative director punished by refusing to lend the stock except for a bonus—say $50 a day for each hundred shares. Day after day passed, and a few resolute patient "Bears" paid their ½ per cent. a day, and refused to cover. All the weak and faint-hearted "shorts" had already bought in.

The question now was, what to do with the stock on hand? A few thousand dollars had been taken from "Bear" speculators. But, this apart, the speculating director found himself the owner of all the Erie afloat in this market at an average cost of over 90. There was no demand for the stock. Nobody in Wall Street or out of it wanted 100 shares. At 80 there had been a small consumptive demand. At 95 there was none at all.

The speculative director formed many combinations, by some of which he succeeded in interesting others in his operation. In the course of a day or two these combinations led to disputes among the confederates, and some of the parties in interest began to sell. Others followed, and the cry of *sauve qui peut* being raised, such quantities of stock were thrown upon the market that in a few days the price fell from 97 to 75.

The speculative director had not succeeded in selling all his stock. As his account then stood the speculation had cost him something less than half a million. It was a painful reflection for a man who was accustomed to make, not to lose, money in stocks, and especially in Erie.

A week or so elapsed, and the director resolved to look for his money where he had lost it. He began to buy Erie again. Other operators were as quick as he, and Erie began once more to rise rapidly. From 75 it jumped up to 80, from 80 to 85. At 85 to 85¼ the speculative director made his grand demonstration. He bought all the stock that could be had at the price—say 30,000 shares in a single day. On the following day all the Erie loaned out was called in. From ¼ to ½ per cent. a day was again demanded for the use of the stock. Once more the Bears were squeezed within an inch of their lives, and none but the resolute held out. On the next day the grand pinch was ordered. The stock opened at 87, and every one said it was going to 90 before noon. To the amazement of every one, at 87 there was an ample supply; fully 10,000 shares were sold in the morning, quite sufficient to supply the more pressing wants of the Bears. It subsequently appeared that some weeks previously, when Erie was 75, the speculating director had sold a call for 10,000 shares @ 85, and the holder of this call had defeated the corner by supplying the Bears at the expense of the seller of the call. Thus once more the attempt to corner the shorts had failed.

It took the speculative director but a few days to realize that he had once more missed his mark. Most of the shorts had covered their contracts, and as there was no consumptive demand for the stock at 86, it was clearly futile to put up the price. The director began to sell with vigor and dispatch. How much he sold and at what prices is only known to himself and his brokers. Within a fortnight the price fell 10 per cent., and real stock was still being delivered from the speculative director's hoard. It is not unreasonable to suppose that at least a quarter of a million must have been lost by him and his friends in their second attempt to corner Erie.

It is now supposed that they have altered their position, and gone short of the stock. In this new adventure they may or may not retrieve the losses they have met with in their previous attempts to corner the street. But Erie will have to fall very low indeed to yield them the $750,000 thrown away in the two abortive enterprises of January and March 1866.

The lesson should not be lost upon Wall Street speculators. If the leading director of the Erie, with unlimited capital, unrivaled skill, and vast power, could not succeed in making money by cornering that stock, it is safe to conclude that no stock can hereafter be profitably "cornered," unless the party which corners it be content to take the stock and keep it for an indefinite period of time thereafter. Such operations, in a word, inflict severe loss upon the Bears, but yield no profit to the Bulls. The feeling of Wall Street is such at the present time that the mere mention of the words "clique" or "corner," in connection with a stock, is sufficient to prevent operators dealing in it. No one will buy or sell a cornered stock. And though people who sell that which they have not got are naturally victimized by such cliques as undertake to buy up stocks reported to be oversold, it does not follow by any means that the cliques themselves will find a market to dispose of the stock they buy. The public argue that a cornered stock must be let alone, and when the Bulls, after ruining the Bears, try to convert their property into cash, they can not, as a rule, do it any cheaper than has been done by the Erie director. Prairie du Chien stock, some account of which was recently given in these columns, could not be sold to-day in any quantity at 50, though the last reported sale was 96, and the clique—which owns all the stock in existence—bids 92 as a matter of form at each board.

In an article published early in January we alluded to the probable downward course of prices in Wall Street during the present year, and to the prospect of moneyed speculators combining to corner this and that active stock. Both expectations have been realized. Prices have fallen and are falling; and three of the most active stocks—Erie, Michigan Southern, and Rock Island—are or have been cornered. The result is that business is falling off in Wall Street, and that the circle of operators is being steadily diminished. The Bears are being cornered and bled profusely; the Bulls are being loaded up with stocks which they can not sell, and which they will only be able to hold so long as money remains easy. The indications are that business will continue to decline until speculation runs mainly into Governments, which can not be cornered, and in which no thimble-rig can easily be practiced.

THE "METEOR."

The case of the *Meteor* is peculiarly interesting as showing the extreme care of the United States Government to maintain the honorable American traditions of neutrality. Nothing can be more desirable, nothing can be more dignified and impressive than to show to the world that, when we denounced British neutrality as a mere name, we knew what we said, and were not crying out merely because we were hurt. Yet it is quite possible that, for the very purpose of pointing that shining moral, our Government may be a little hasty to seize an occasion. And that is the exact question of the *Meteor*. Has she been justly detained? Is a violation of the Neutrality Laws intended?

The *Meteor* is a noble screw war steamer. She was built in the best manner, is thoroughly equipped, could be readily armed, and was doubtless intended for service during the late war. The war being over she was about sailing from New York for St. Thomas in the West Indies, when the Spanish representatives here complained that she was to be sold to the Chilean Government now at war with Spain, and asked for her detention. The Government immediately issued the necessary order, and the ship was seized. The claimants of the ship moved that the Court appoint appraisers, that the ship might be justly valued and bonds taken, and the vessel released. Upon this motion Judge Betts decided, on the 23d of March, that the release was not obligatory, but discretionary with the Court. He held that the importance of a strict observance of the Neutrality Laws was so great that the United States should have reasonable time to prove their case; and that when, as in this instance, a forfeiture was claimed under the third section of the Neutrality Laws of 1818 it was clearly the intention of the Government to detain the vessel in order, if necessary, to execute the forfeiture. The application for release was therefore overruled.

It now remains for the Government to justify its action, and to prove that the claimants have fitted out a ship to commit hostilities against any country with which the United States are at peace. But should the charge fail it is a very hard case for the claimants. The libel was filed on the 23d of January. It is now the second week in April. If the charge be baseless, if it were wanton, the owners, so long deprived of the use of their property, and subjected to the expenses and delays of an important suit, have apparently no remedy but lobbying Congress to give them compensation. Judge Betts himself offers them no other redress. There is no reason or excuse for so shiftless and unjust a state of things. If a citizen brings an ungrounded suit he is made to pay the piper. If the Government does the same thing it should be subject to the same penalty. Great property interests should not be left unremedied to the peremptory action of a Department, to the discretion of a judge, or to the delays of the law. If the owners of the *Meteor* mean to break the law let them pay the penalty. But if they are innocent let the accuser pay for the losses he has inflicted. And this is a redress which should be established by law.

THIERS AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

In his late speech upon the grant for the Great Paris Exposition, Mr. Banks, the Chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, said that he had no doubt of the wish of Louis Napoleon to go to war with this country. It was not surprising, therefore, that the honorable gentleman proposed that we should accept the Emperor's polite invitation to his Fair, and that we should go thither in Monitors and military baggage-wagons, carrying our "20-inch guns and 1000-pound projectiles," with Admiral Farragut at the head. If, however, the French Emperor is still desirous of war with us, after the result of our domestic struggle, we hardly think that the mere spectacle of our projectiles can accomplish what the prolonged and vigorous use of these projectiles failed to achieve. We should have been glad to hear the reasons of Mr. Banks's faith, for we doubt if this country or France is of his opinion.

The Emperor of France is a much duller man than he has been hitherto supposed if he is not convinced that his Mexican expedition is a failure. He knows very well that the United States are waiting for him to leave Mexico. He knows that Mr. Seward's dispatches, however polite, are perfectly plain in their statement of the feeling of this country; and that if we wait we do not cease to watch, and that any serious movement of increased persistence upon his part would lead to still further remonstrance. He is aware that we have as yet made no false move. His Mexican enterprise is unpopular at home. The pressure against it grows constantly stronger, and he is doubtless persuaded that this Government is much too sagacious to overthrow that opposition by a policy which would unite France to vindicate its honor.

Meanwhile the late speech of M. Thiers reveals a new danger to the French Emperor. Hitherto the opposition in France has been revolutionary and not legitimate. It has opposed his dynasty, and has thereby justified him in summary repression. But the astute old political fox, M. Thiers, has adroitly changed his base. He declares that there is now no question of the dynasty. That is established. But he asks for the liberty which the founder of the dynasty has promised, and which he has hitherto withheld upon the plausible pretext that it could not strengthen the hands of its enemies. The opposition itself now removes that pretext, and respectfully requires a fulfillment of imperial pledges. This is an immense fortification of its position, for now if there be any danger of revolutionary measures it is not upon its side. It can now reasonably demand, as Thiers does demand, freedom of the press, personal security, and retirement from Mexico and other unpromising expeditions.

There was never a time in which watchful quiescence was so clearly our true foreign policy as at this moment. Neither Louis Napoleon nor the United States deceive themselves as to the traditional amity of the two countries. France aided the Colonies not because the Bourbons really favored rebellion, but because helping the Colonies was a heavy blow to Great Britain. The debt that we incurred to Louis XVI. has been fully canceled by Louis Napoleon. He has put himself completely in the wrong. He must right himself or account to France. Our position is one of steady observation.

LENGTH OF LIFE.

Different animals have different limits of life, the varieties being of all degrees, from the insects of an hour up to the animals that live even beyond a hundred years. There is in each case a period of growth in which supply continually exceeds waste, followed by a period in which there is an even state, supply and waste being balanced, and then comes a period of decline. These periods seem to have quite a definite relation to each other, for the longer is the period of growth the longer is the middle period of maturity, and therefore the longer is the whole life. For example, the horse that gets its growth so much sooner than man, does not live half so long; and the elephant, on the other hand, which arrives at maturity about the thirtieth year, lives to a much greater age. Of fishes the salmon, which attains its full size quickly, has a short life; while the perch, the carp, and the pike, which have a slow growth, are long-lived. The same truth holds of the vegetable world.

Length of life depends somewhat upon the degree of intensity of the vital action, and is longest where this is lowest. Tortoises, crocodiles, and fishes furnish us many more instances of great longevity than the warm-blooded animals, which live comparatively a much more active life. And of the warm-blooded tribes the less active are generally the longest lived. Thus the stately, proud, and slow-moving peacock lives about twenty years, while the restless and quarrelsome cock has a much shorter life. Still shorter is the life of the sparrow and of the smaller birds generally, and their activity is, we know, intense. The rule does not always, however, hold good; for the bear, though he sleeps much, and is far from lively when he awakes, is rather short-lived, while the active camel sometimes reaches even the age of a hundred years.

We may thus infer that the natural limits of life in different animals are conformed generally to the activities natural to each. There is a range of action for every animal which is consistent with its best development, and either going above or below this is detrimental to it. Man is not fitted for such activity as is maintained, for example, by the restless canary-bird, nor for such a low grade of life as that of the tortoise; and if he choose either his organization will suffer, and life will be shortened. Too slow living and too fast living are alike injurious.

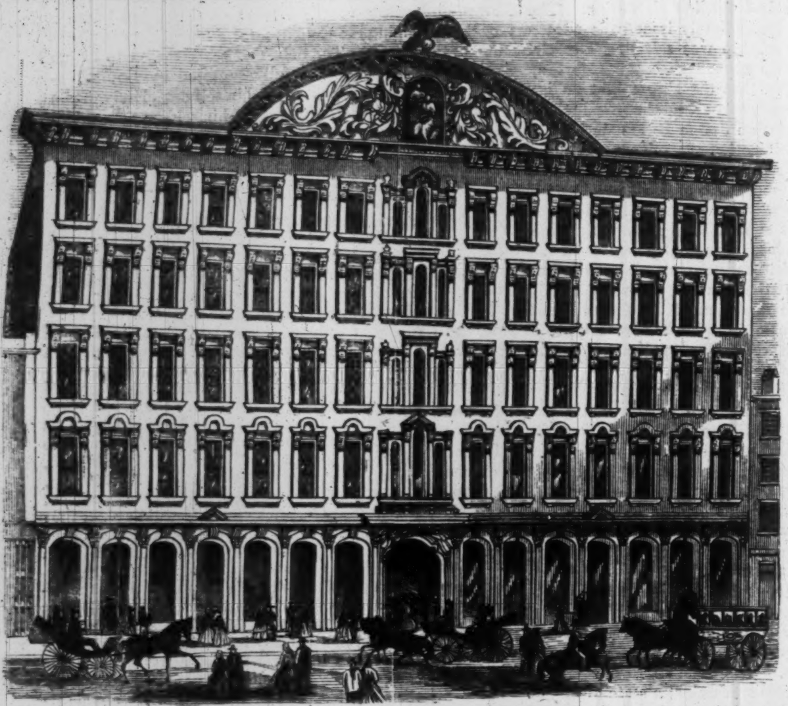
It can not be said, then, that there is a certain amount of vital power given to every individual, and that the less this is put forth the longer it will last. On the contrary, the putting it forth to the extent of the design of his nature is essential to its maintenance. In other words, some good degree of action is necessary for the development of the vigor of health. Yet it is not probable that the due observance of the laws of health would extend the limits of life very far beyond what they are at present, though it would very largely lessen the mortality at all periods short of old age, and render life more comfortable and useful.

There is one consideration in relation to length of life of too great interest to be omitted. As morbid tendencies are transferred from parents to children we should naturally suppose that there would be an accumulation of them from generation to generation, which would continually shorten the period of human life. But this is shown not to be the case by the fact that the statement of the Psalmist applies to the present time. The reason of this obviously is that the tendency in the system is always to health, and so morbid influences are always resisted, and their results are often removed—a truth which is exceedingly encouraging to all hygienic efforts, as well as in the struggle against actual disease. A full victory is often obtained by this *vis medicatrix naturæ* over hereditary morbid tendencies of the most decided character.

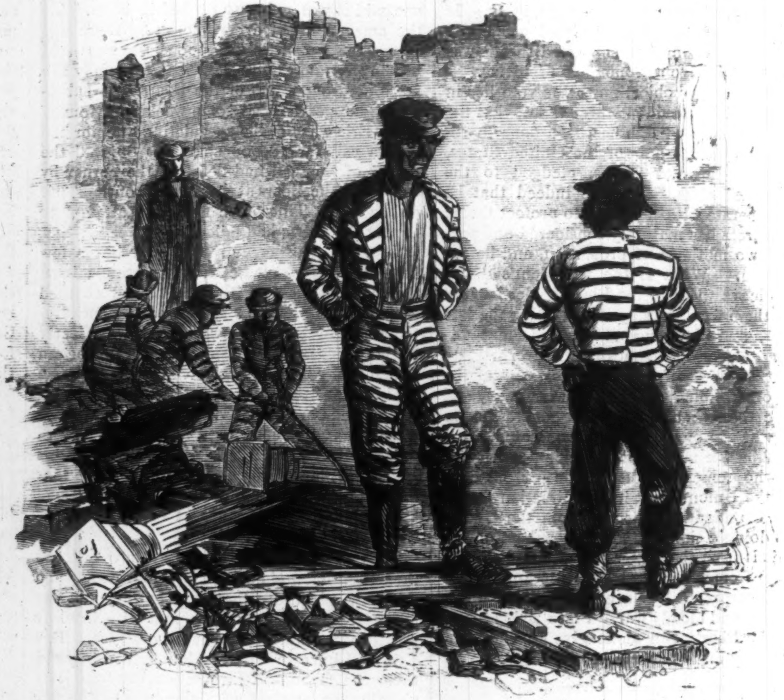
SOLDIERS' FAMILIES LABOR AND AID SOCIETY.

It was the reproach of the country after the Revolution that the soldiers were neglected. But the spirit that sustained the enormous labor of the Sanitary Commissions during the late war does not flag. The thoughtful, womanly care which was felt in every hospital and almost upon the very battlefield is still mindful of its charge, and is noiselessly devoted to its humane task. Thus as the Grove Street Home in this city for disabled soldiers is to be closed on the 21st of April, the "Labor and Aid Society of New York for soldiers and soldiers' families" is organized to continue the work and to prevent sending disabled soldiers to the Alms-house. The Institution will have the service as Matron of Mrs. Russell, who was the efficient Matron of the New England Rooms. Already there is a Laundry in operation to which the soldiers' wives or widows come to work daily, and are paid one dollar a day. There will be a hospital in the house for disabled soldiers, and a school in which mothers can leave their children, while they are themselves at work elsewhere in the building. Basket-making and other simple branches of industry will be introduced, and the character and experience of the ladies who direct the society are sufficient proof of the sagacity, thrift, and tenderness with which the Home will be managed.

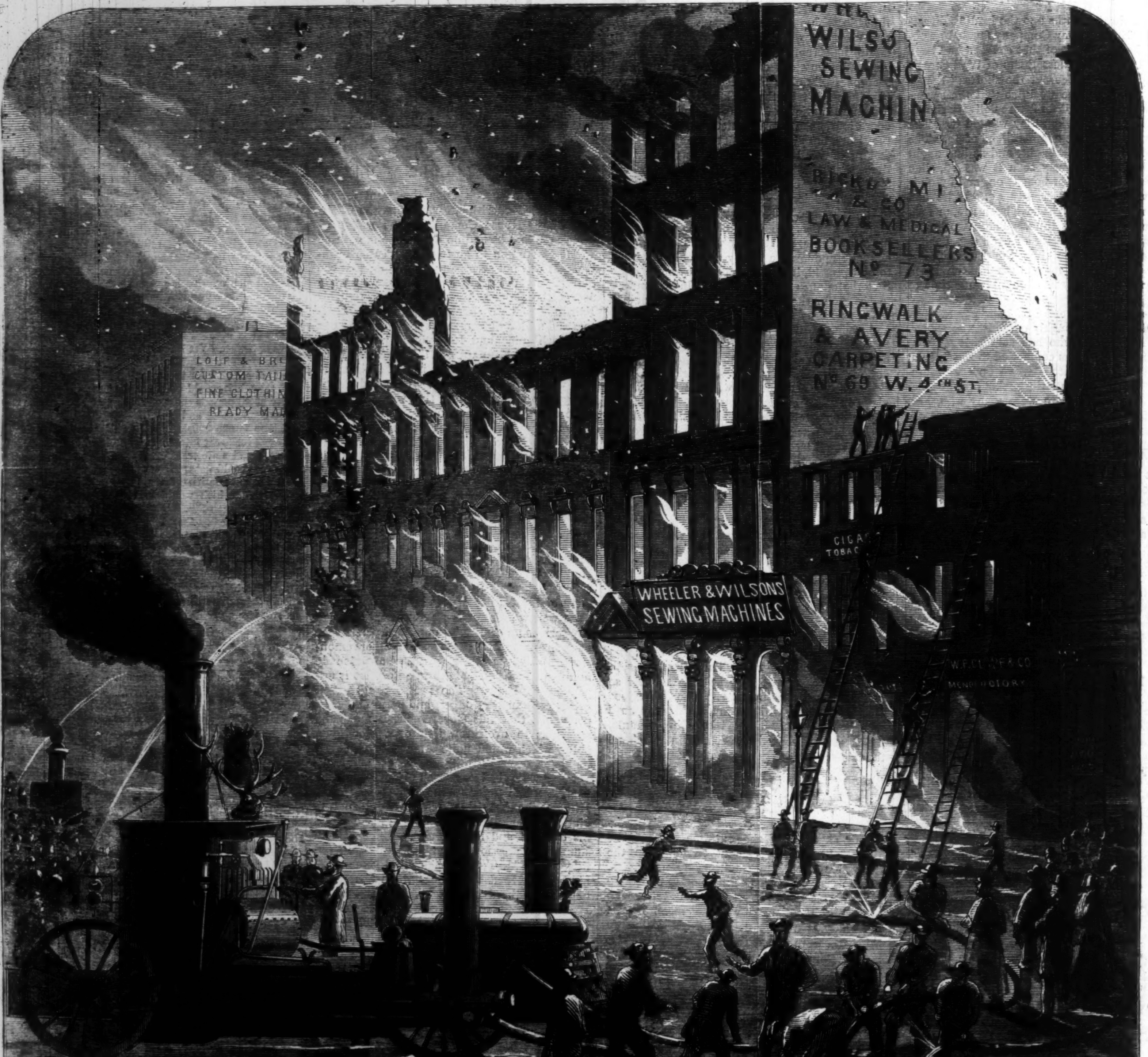
The Institution needs money now, but it is intended to be self-supporting. The Sanitary Commission promise a thousand dollars some time hence; but our good friends might wisely remember that he gives twice who gives quickly. Mrs. James Gibbons and Mrs. R. B. Minturn will gladly give any information or receive any contribution.



PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE, CINCINNATI.—From a Lithograph published by E. Mendenhall, Cincinnati.]



GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI—CHAIN-GANG AT WORK ON THE RUINS.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]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SEWING MACHINES
CIGA
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THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI, March 22, 1866—BURNING OF PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

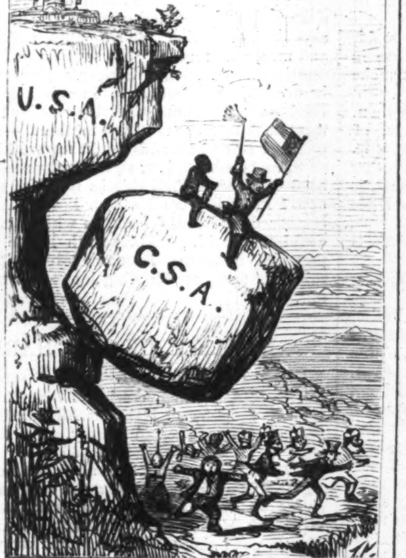
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER XIV.

"But I do sincerely hope, my friends, that we are ready by this time to turn away from these second and seventh chapters of Daniel. There are a host of other passages in Scripture I am anxious to show you. Astonishing, is it not, that men should have supposed so long that America was not referred to in the Bible? Why there is not a day passes but I, for one, find some fresh allusion in it, especially to our glorious Confederacy. Yes, let us leave this behind us as settled. By 'the Ancient of days' here in Daniel is clearly meant the old United States. By the 'one like unto the Son of man' is as undoubtedly meant the Confederate States. The 'mountain' refers, as we have seen, to the United States also. The stone 'cut out of the mountain without hands,' which is to dash all other nations to pieces, and become the great central Christian nation of the millennium, is, as we have clearly shown you, the Confederate States. Any flaw in our reasoning is simply impossible. The man that can not perceive this is hopelessly rotten. Heaven forbid, dear brethren, there should be a Union man among *you!*"

And here Brother Barker pauses, wipes his streaming face and then his moist hands with his very damp handkerchief, lays it beside his Bible to dry, takes another sip of water, and begins afresh. He is in the pulpit on his regular monthly appointment in the Pines, a country neighborhood some fifty miles from Somerville. A log church it is, densely crowded to-day. On his last regular Sabbath there Brother Barker had preached a thanksgiving discourse upon the defeat and capture of M'Clellan at Richmond, so powerful as to bring him into a state of hoarseness from which he is not recovered even yet. "I'd rather wear out than rust out," he has remarked; and to-day he is delivering one in his series of sermons upon the Confederate States in Scripture.

The fact is, it is long now since Brother Barker has preached any thing else except the war. Nothing in the world more insipid, behind the times, obsolete for the present, than the Gospel. But has he not taken up prophecy instead? And is not prophecy as much a part of Scripture as the old gospel? And Brother Barker frankly disclaims all credit as the discoverer of his new interpretations of prophecy; they are discoveries too splendid for that.

"I only use the investigations of other divines at the South," he said. "The documents themselves can not be circulated as widely as they ought owing to the dearth of paper. But so conclusive are these discourses, so exceedingly encouraging to every Christian patriot, that so far as my poor bleeding lungs will allow I am making them known by word of mouth to all under sound of my voice. I learn there are up here in the Pines some who hold to the old Union still; few, very few I do hope. If the brutality of the North, if the justice of the Confederate cause have not convinced such of their error, Scripture surely must. Scripture, brethren, *Scripture!* And right here let us turn, if you please, to another passage.—But wait a moment. Look at me," says Brother Barker, folding his long arms upon his narrow chest, and standing back a little from the pulpit. "As you all may know, your unworthy speaker was born at the North. I have some half dozen brothers alive there this very Sunday, I suppose. Do you want to know the Scripture that cured *me* of my last love for the North? Turn then to Genesis forty-first, fifty-first. Wait a moment. What was the first great battle of our revolution? Manassas! Very good. Now read the passage: 'And Joseph called the name of the first-born Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house.' See?" And with the finger of his left hand on the passage, Brother Barker spent a vehement five minutes in showing how entirely the South had in and by that battle been made to forget its long slavery to the North, all affection even for that the home of its ancestors.

"Scripture prophesied enough for me here," he said, with both palms on his Bible. "My old father? Manassas! My brothers there? Manassas! The North, and all in it, now, henceforth, and for evermore? At the very least utter forgetfulness and eternal alienation. In other words, Manassas, Manassas! And yet there are people who doubt whether our war is referred to in this Holy Book!" added the preacher, with an air of patient resignation.

Another application of the handkerchief to face and neck and hands; another sip at the glass of water.

"Let us turn now to Isaiah sixty-sixth, seven and eight." And Brother Barker reads—"'Before she travailed, she brought forth; before her pain came, she was delivered of a man child. Who hath heard such a thing? who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.' Now remember," continues Brother Barker, leaning one elbow on the desk, his long forefinger demonstrating the point —"remember what has been proved that, as the ecclesiastical Zion was a type of the New Testament church, so the political Zion was equally an emblem of the central nation in New Testament times—that is, America." And clearly does the preacher apply the prophecy to the instantaneous secession of the South.

"Turn again to Daniel twelfth, seventh." And Brother Barker finds the place and reads—"'When he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished.' Now, who are the holy people?" asks he. "America, of course, the Christian Israel. What was their being scattered? Secession evidently. And what was to be accomplished then and thereby? Look at the seventh chapter going before: the establishment of Christ's last and most glorious nation—these Confederate States! Can any thing be more conclusive?" And Brother Barker goes over the passage and his comment thereupon several times to impress it upon the minds of his hearers. Very fixed is the attention of those hearers.

"Once more, if you please. Isaiah twenty-seven, twelve." And the preacher reads—"'Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel.' The exact manner of Secession! No co-operation, no movement out of the Union in a body; 'one by one' do the States secede!" And on this point also Brother Barker dwells at length.

"Let us turn now to the eleventh of Zechariah." And the preacher reads the chapter. "By the breaking of the staves therein—'Beauty and Bands'—was prophesied the dissolution of the Union. The three shepherds alluded to in the passage, and all that is said of them there, how manifestly it refers to Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, and their temporary exclusion from the Confederacy!" And the interest is thrilling as Brother Barker shows from the passage how the North, in its awful destitution and self-division, are to "eat the flesh of one another!"

But the enthusiasm of the preacher overflows all bounds as he turns to the fourth chapter of the Prophet Micah, and paints therefrom the millennial splendor of the Confederacy. Over and over again does Brother Barker read it. "'In that day, saith the Lord, will I assemble her that halteth, and I will gather her that is driven out—*driven out!*'" cries the preacher, "'and her that I have afflicted; and I will make her that halted a remnant, and her that was cast far off a strong nation.' Observe, brethren, '*cast far off,*' '*a strong nation!*' 'And the Lord shall reign over them in Mount Zion from henceforth, even forever.'" And so to the end of the chapter, at which the speaker arrives entirely exhausted.

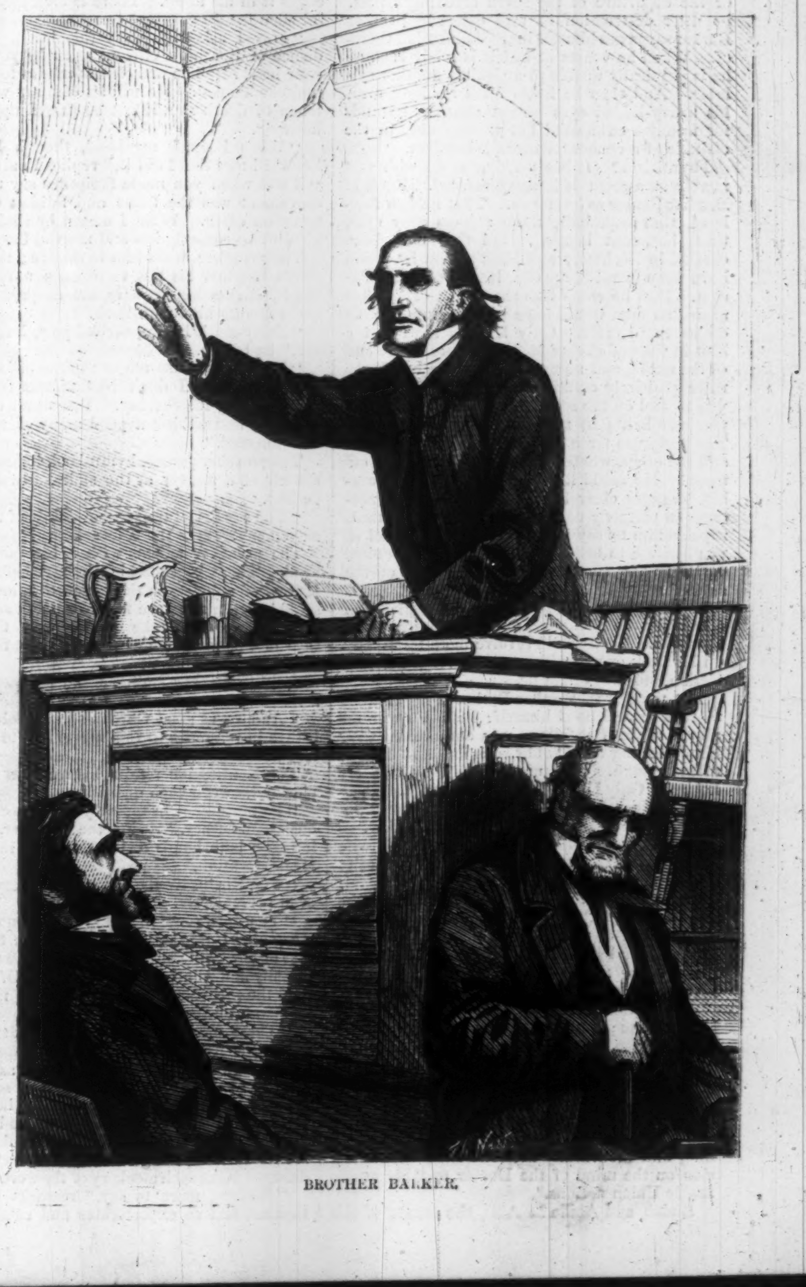
"Matthew twenty-first, forty-third," resumes he, his handkerchief almost dripping in his hand from its service upon face and neck. "'Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' In the verse before is allusion to a rejected stone," reasons the preacher. "You will remember we saw this stone all through Scripture; cut out of the mountain of the old Union; destined to destroy and supersede all other nations is the Confederate States; 'become the head of the corner' it there says. Why? Because the Union, the old Christian Israel had failed—verse forty-three—to bring forth fruit—fruit which the Confederacy *will* bring forth!" And closing the Bible, Brother Barker describes at length the awful apostasy of the North, its universal infidelity and abominable wickedness. "Ought I not to know?" he asks, in conclusion. "Am not I a Northern man? born there, raised there? It is sometimes asked by people," continues the preacher, with both hands clenched upon the ledge of his pulpit, and leaning as far forward as possible between them—"sometimes asked why we Northern born men make the strongest of all Secessionists. I will tell you, brethren. It is because we who have lived at the North *know* the North so much better than men at the South. From long, personal, close observation we *know* the North!" And what intense loathing did the preacher infuse into the word! Strange that his audience should have such a sense of distaste at hearing this from the lips of one born there! True, of course, but they did not like *him* to assert it. The Brother is conscious of this, and falls back a little disconcerted upon the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, the eighteenth and nineteenth verses.

"You need not take my word, friends; see what Scripture says of the conduct of the North." And he reads—"'Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet? And as for my flock, they eat that which ye have trodden with your feet; and they drink that which ye have fouled with your feet.'" And the minister illustrates this prophecy of the tyranny of the North over the South by its course in regard to the Tariff and the Territories, consoling himself with the speedy righting of the South, prophesied so clearly in the verses which follow.

"Some of you have been rather trying to joke me about my last sermon here," the preacher says, by way of digression. "True, I *did* believe then that M'Clellan *was* defeated and captured. Suppose it was not so complete a defeat as we then supposed; and where is that one of us that had any doubt on the subject *then?* Look again at my text of that sermon: 'I will remove far off from you the Northern Army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea, and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill savor shall come up because he hath done great things.' Is there a man that does not *see* that Scripture refers here to Lincoln's army, by its very name, too? I need not enter into this passage again. If it has not been fulfilled entirely yet, it certainly will be, and that soon. But let us turn to Daniel again, seven, eighteen, this time. 'The saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever.' Now what does 'saint' mean when applied, as Scripture means it should be here, to a government? Why, it means a mild, a gentle government. Friends, contrast the Confederacy with the old Federal Government. That bound the States together strong and hard; ruled them with a rod of iron; the most despotic Government, as this war shows, that ever disgraced the earth. But our glorious Confederacy! How perfectly mild and easy it is! The States are free to go and come under it as each one pleases, no restraint, no coercion. The North is invading us—does our Confederacy invade them? No, brethren. It only asked to be allowed to go out of the Union in peace. It did not want a war. It never dreamed of a war. This day it is the gentlest, most peaceable, most lenient; the lightest, easiest government the world ever saw. No wonder Scripture speaks of it under the name of 'saint.' Ah, if the North could but come up to the true idea of all government in this nineteenth century; the millennial, the Christian idea of government—States free as air to vote themselves whichever way they like! Instead of that, what do we see? Why, the old heathen ideas of permanent rule, coercion, war! I tell you, friends, Secession contains in itself the very essence of Christian freedom; it is a Gospel doctrine; it is the very germ and substance of all human organization in millennial times!" And largely did Brother Barker expatiate on *this* theme.

"Bear with me, brethren," he continues, as he searches the pages of his Bible. "I want to show you anoth—ah, here it is! Zechariah thirteen, from the seventh verse." And here the pen recoils from recording in such connection the first, at least, of the verses quoted by the preacher. By "the man that is my fellow" Scripture meant, according to him, the "one like unto the Son of man" referred to in Daniel; in other words, the Confederate Government. "'And it shall come to pass, that in all the land,'" continued the preacher from his Bible, "'saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein.' When we seceded there were thirty-three States, you know," continued the preacher, holding his finger upon the passage for after use. "Three classes there were among these thirty-three States. First, the Border States; second, the Coercion or Northern States; third, the Confederate States, eleven, you observe; just a third of thirty-three. The two parts cut off from God's new and glorious nation, our Confederacy, shall die, you see, be defeated, destroyed, perish—the Border and the Northern States. The third—our Confederacy—shall be left in the land in permanence and prosperity. And look how our trouble from the blockade and the war is farther prophesied—verse nine—'And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God.'"

But it is impossible to follow Brother Barker. Only the intense excitement attaching to every syllable said by any one on the one topic enabled the audience to sit so patiently under his eloquence. Less than twenty minutes of a discourse from his lips on any other topic would have wearied them out. There was a force, too, in the glowing enthusiasm of the speaker. Whoever else did not he at least did believe in his interpretations of prophecy. Need we say how he described the impending convulsions at the North from the sixteenth chapter of Revelation, the nineteenth verse? Or the rout at Manassas and in all the other battles of the war, as foretold in the forty-eighth Psalm, fourth, fifth, and sixth verses? Or the future influence of the Confederacy over the world in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, the fifteenth verse, the "rod of iron" referring to its commercial, and "the sword out of his mouth" referring to its moral influence? That Secession was the act of God himself, He setting up the Confederacy with his own hand, Brother Barker proved from



BROTHER BARKER.

the second chapter of Daniel, the forty-fourth verse. The peculiar estimation set by Heaven upon the same Government, from Isaiah the twenty-eighth chapter and fifth verse. And that the Almighty himself was fighting for them the prophet Zechariah has left beyond question in the fourteenth chapter and third verse of his prophecy. Let those who wish to study the theological aspect of the insanity of the times refer to the chapters and verses specified at their leisure. Let them remember in doing so that there were men who sincerely believed in Brother Barker's application of them, and a new insight will be had into the depth and desperation of that insanity.

But the preacher has reserved some of his most telling texts to the last.

"In my previous discourse I showed you," said he, "that in Scripture the number seven refers to the seven States that first seceded. Permit your humble speaker to give you a few more illustrations of this most striking fact." And so he drains the last drop of water from the pitcher, full when he began, pulls down his waistcoat by the lower edge, moves pitcher and glass out of his way by placing them on the bench behind him, and resumes:

"Micah, brethren, fifth, fifth. 'Then shall we raise against him seven shepherds and eight principal men.'" And clearly is it proved that while the seven principal men means the seven States which first seceded, it is Virginia, seceding when the Federal Government had become "Assyrian" in its attitude toward God's chosen, which makes the eighth.

"Once more, brethren. Isaiah fourth, first." And transfixing the passage with the forefinger of his left hand, with the other hand he entreats special attention. "'And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.'" Dull indeed must his brethren be if they do not see the singular and striking meaning of this at a glance. The seven women are the seven States in a desolate condition when they first seceded. Instantly they all lay hold of one man. "You see it, brethren! They take the Confederate Government to be a husband over them. Each is to remain, you observe, an independent State; insists on feeding and clothing itself; they only want the Confederate Government as a sort of protector. The reference of Scripture to our new nation is as minute as it is abundant. Who can doubt, then, the peculiar regard had for us by the Almighty?

"Once more, but once, though you can not but observe how exhausted I am. Jeremiah fifteen, nine. 'She that hath borne seven languisheth: she hath given up the ghost; her sun is gone down while it was yet day.'" The old Union is this unhappy mother; and its fate, after the departure of the seven seceding States, its utter destruction in mid career! Brother Barker surpasses himself in the delineation thereof. When he ceases at last it is solely because he is physically unable to articulate another syllable. And then he holds forth his long arm, his heavy-lidded eyes almost shut, and stands for minutes exhausted but triumphant, in the attitude of a conqueror over his captives.

Fanaticism? It has nothing to do with sect merely as a sect; it is temperament. Look at Brother Barker as he stands. That narrow forehead, that lank hair, those restless gray eyes, those incessant hands. Had that man been cradled in Rochester and Mormonism he would have been Danite, apostle, leader of the delusion. Had he come into the vortex of Spiritualism, no man would have whirled more madly on its rapid error. Only let him have had a hint in time of Father Miller's theory of the end of the world, and no man alive would have been more positively certain than he that the world was to end on the second day of June, 1843, at precisely half past two o'clock in the morning. The Scripture for it? The Bible for this, that, and the other, whatever the fancy be he flies off upon? He could find you passages innumerable, passages clear beyond all skepticism, passages so perfectly convincing of his theory that, it pains him to say it, but you are an infidel if you hesitate to believe. Or place a red conical cap upon that small, narrow head; strip off the suit of rusty black, and wrap Brother Barker's loins about with a cow's skin instead; give him a twirl by the shoulders, and no Dervish along the Golden Horn would revolve more frantically on his heel, or yell with greater strength of conviction and lungs than he.

But the evil is, Brother Barker is not content to revolve and howl himself; he is for war on all the world if it fails to spin and scream with him. Riding one's hobby is an innocent amusement enough. Did not Uncle Toby ride *his* hobby? Only Uncle Toby never rode his hobby over any one else; and that is nine-tenths of the pleasure of the ride with Brother Barker.

Dr. Warner had once remarked to his wife that Brother Barker was afflicted with a species of moral "cutaneousness," by which he meant, as he explained to his wife on demand, that the Brother was forever breaking out all over in a sudden rash of spirit and tongue whatever heat happened to be in the atmosphere. It mattered not a straw the nature of the heat; from the first the hottest of the heated was Brother Barker.

At the time Mrs. Warner entirely agreed with her husband; and the defect of character being her own also, so repeated and deplored the fact as to lose the Doctor nigh a score of patients, the members of the Brother's church. To do her justice, however, when the preacher went in for Secession with Mrs. Warner, that lady retracted in every circle this injurious opinion of him, and mournfully ascribed such an impression on the mind of the Doctor to "his abominable Union notions."

Nadab and Abihu? Alas, the censer of *this* minister never glowed except with "strange fire." Most of his ministry had been spent in onslaughts upon other denominations, and it was wonderful the skill with which he platted detached passages from Scripture like so many separate thongs into scourges for his foes; for all who did not agree with him were foes, actual and active foes to be met and defeated as such. Neutrality? No more than moderation was there an atom of it in his character; therefore he could not conceive of its existence in that of any one else. And when Brother Barker did preach the Gospel, it was in tones so vehement, so unlike the gentle accents of his Master, that the very Gospel heaven, and Gospel hell, and Gospel salvation savored too strongly of the minister himself to have their due influence. Even the wind which bloweth as it listeth never blew at all in his estimation save as it blew exactly when and where *he* would have it, and in a hurricane at that.

"Just one thing more, my friends," says Brother Barker, as soon as he has recovered voice enough for the purpose. "When I was explaining just now that prophecy from Daniel about the saint-like character of our Confederacy, its being, in other words, the mildest government the world ever knew, so mild as to be almost no government at all, just there, brethren, I saw a gentleman in this congregation shake his head. I ought to have stopped and spoken of it on the spot. The truth is, I was under such headway I could not stop then. Let us now ask the Brother *why* he shook his head?"

There is instant and intense excitement in the audience, the deep stir within the heart of war. The minister stands silent for some minutes, but no one stirs or speaks.

"I believe you are the friend that shook his head," the preacher remarks, and his long finger indicates a man among the congregation. An unusually large and tall man it is, a conspicuous object on account of towering above those around as he sits. A large sun-burnt face, plenty of black hair and whiskers, butternut coat and pantaloons, no waistcoat, hickory shirt, copious use of tobacco in the way of chewing—nothing else noticeable.

"Paul Brooks, I think," adds the preacher, all the St. Dominic and the Torquemada stirring in his veins.

"Me!" exclaims the gentleman designated, after a torrent of ambier. "Did *I* shake *my* head?"

"Yes, Sir, you did," says the inquisitor, solemnly, and in the discharge of a painful duty.

"I did, heh? I didn't know it. But I know I thought *No* very strong just there. Now I come to think of it, I dare say I did." The speaker says this coolly enough, but he knows the peril he has incurred, feels it creep along his bones, Kentuckian as he is, even more than he acknowledges it in his mind. There is breathless, painful silence.

"May I ask why—may this intelligent audience of Southern citizens ask *why* you shook your head?" The preacher speaks as to a criminal condemned. He will let him say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, however.

"When I shook my head, though I didn't know till now that I did it," replies Paul Brooks, "it was when you made Scripture say this new movement was the freest and mildest Government on earth. What I meant by shaking my head was—conscription and martial law."

The preacher hears him in silence; then only draws together his lips to restrain unspeakable words, shakes his head in the deepest sorrow, and takes up his hymn-book.

"Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure," he begins.

"Will you excuse me one minute?" says the Kentuckian. "I don't like to mention such things seeing it's Sunday. You won't object, I suppose; and I think a good many of us would be interested."

The preacher pauses, hymn-book in hand, with the air of a martyr at the stake, assaulted but patient.

"You say Scripture speaks plainly of this new movement?" asks the Kentuckian.

The preacher assents with a low bow of the head. There is something indescribable in it. It is as of a judge on the bench to some unreasonable prisoner whose fate is already settled.

"And we must take exactly what Scripture says of this movement—that is, what Scripture may *seem* to say about it?"

Brother Barker smiles a sad but patient assent.

"And we, as good Christians, must obey what it says in reference to this movement to the letter?"

The Kentuckian retains his seat, but spits copiously between each question.

"By movement I suppose you mean our glorious Confederacy," replies the preacher, appealing with both hands to the audience in sorrowful deprecation.

"Yes, Sir," says the Kentuckian, very mildly, even persuasively.

"You have some intention in your question, I see *that*. But yes, Sir, yes. What Scripture says of our Confederacy—and it alludes to it continually and pointedly—we must do. Of course." And the preacher loses a little of the martyr as he stands on the defensive.

"There are one or two texts in Scripture," begins the Kentuckian.

But "Brother Barker was sharp as a steel-trap," as was afterward remarked by some then present. "Exactly as I thought," he interrupts, at the same time closing his Bible and pushing it away from him. "No, Mr. Brooks, I will *not* read those passages. For one, I can not, I dare not make such mockery of the word of God."

"Nothing more to say," remarks the Kentuckian, and so expectorates and subsides into his former indolent position on the rude seat he occupies.

"Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure!" says the preacher, briskly, and with some emphasis, hymn-book in hand.

"Hold on a moment, Brother Barker!" It is an old man seated, with a staff between his knees, near the pulpit. "I don't like this way of doing things on a Sunday, and in meetin'. But now we *are* at it friends present would like to hear you read them passages; every thing bearing on the pint is interesting."

The preacher acknowledges the movement of assent among the crowded audience. But he can not comply.

"No, Brother Robinson, if I would I could. As a minister of the Gospel, standing here in this sacred place, I can not, I dare not make mockery of God's blessed book."

"The shortest way is, let *me* read them then. Friends present want to hear. No danger of Scripture hurting any of us whatever part it is. Name the texts, Mr. Brooks." And Brother Robinson, the patriarch of the neighborhood, is standing before the pulpit, the minister's Bible in hand.

"I had no intention of disturbing the meeting," began the Kentuckian.

"Passages, Mr. Brooks; you name them passages," interrupted the patriarch.

The Kentuckian names the eighty-third Psalm, the first five verses. The patriarch is a long time finding the place. Brother Barker leans, with a patient smile, on his elbow, rested upon the pulpit.

"'Keep not thou silence, O God: hold not thy peace, and be not still, O God. For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult: and they that hate thee have lifted up the head. They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance. For they have consulted together with one consent: they are confederate against thee.' Humph, *confederate* against thee!" The patriarch has read the passage very slowly.

Brother Barker groans.

"Hold on," he says; "Brother Barker has just told us how one-third of the States—eleven, that is—are the Confederacy Scripture speaks of. I see the ones confederated together in this place are mentioned lower down. Let's count." And the patriarch transfers the Bible to his left hand, while he counts aloud with the fingers of his right upon the stand: "Edom, Ishmaelites, Moab, Hagarenes, Gebal, Ammon, Amalek, Philistines, inhabitants of Tyre, Assur, children of Lot—by jingo, *eleven* exactly!" Deep sensation among the audience.

"Any more places, Brother Brooks?" he asks, after a long pause, during which he is counting over again to be certain. "Out with it, Brother—yes, *eleven* exactly!"

"Isaiah seventh, second, third, fourth, and seventh verses," from Paul Brooks. Breathless attention.

"'And it was told the house of David, saying, Syria is confederate with Ephraim.' *Confederate?* Yes, well. 'And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind. Then said the Lord unto Isaiah, Go forth now to meet Ahaz, and say unto him, Take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither be fainthearted for the two tails of these smoking firebrands. Thus saith the Lord God, It shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass.' Humph, queer!"

There is a movement of interest in the congregation as the reader ceases.

"My friends," begins Brother Barker, holding up his right hand.

"In one moment, Brother Barker," the patriarch interrupts him. "Any more passages, Mr. Brooks?"

"I was told Mr. Barker found a good deal about the Confederacy in the Bible. I happened one day in Somerville to come across a Concordance, and hunted out the places where the word occurs. Our preacher says the Jews were emblems of this country, so I thought the word in their history might teach something. However, only two passages more. Let me study a moment. Ah, yes—Obadiah, seventh verse," says Paul Brooks.

"Chapter?" asks Brother Robinson, turning over the leaves.

"Ain't any chapter, seventh verse."

"'All the men of thy confederacy have brought thee even to the border: the men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee, and prevailed against thee: they that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee: there is none understanding in him,'" reads the patriarch. The very slow manner in which the passage is read is itself almost equal to a running comment upon it. The interest in the congregation deepens.

"Only one more: Isaiah, eighth chapter, ninth verse," says Paul Brooks.

"'Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye of far countries: gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand—' But there ain't any thing about the Confederacy in this," says the patriarch, looking up.

"Go on," says the Kentuckian, with a copious expectoration first.

"'For the Lord spake thus to me,'" the reader continued, "'with a strong hand, and instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people, saying, Say ye not, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid.'"

"That's all," said Paul Brooks.

The reader closed the volume, laid it on the pulpit, and took his seat, resting his chin again on the staff between his knees. Dead silence.

"And do you, Sir," said the preacher, severely—"do you, Sir, say to this intelligent Christian, intelligent *Southern* congregation, that those passages have reference to our glorious young nation?"

"I say nothing about it. You all bear me witness *you* attacked me first. I only say, if all *your* places in the Bible mean as you say, what do these other places mean?" And in the silence that follows the splash of the Kentuckian's indignant expectoration is distinctly heard.

"I have read, I have heard of awful perversions of this blessed and sacred book, brethren," says Brother Barker, after a pause, and in deep and measured tones; "but such an awful desecration and wresting of Scripture I never heard in my life. On Sunday! In this holy place! During the very hour of divine worship! Only this one thing I've got to say, brethren"—and the preacher leaned over his pulpit toward his audience, and spoke in low, significant tones—"I've been told before Paul Brooks is a Union man; now I know it from his own lips!" And the brother drew himself back, as with a calmness awful to behold. "Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure. Brother Stevens will please raise the tune, my bleeding lungs will not permit."

A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.

AN ORIENTAL ADVENTURE.

The bold, cunning, cruel, yet beautiful Nuzly Hanein, daughter of Mehemet Ali, has been the heroine of many a romantic story. The following incident, though "strange," is said to be "true."

Count Luigi, a young Italian nobleman of effeminate appearance, became possessed with an intense desire to visit the interior of the Princess's Harem at Cairo. He bribed a lady, with whom Nuzly Hanein was intimate, to assist him in carrying out his mad whim. Accordingly Her Highness was informed that a lady of rank from Europe was anxious to see her Harem, and to pay her respects to a Princess who was so renowned. An audience having been granted, Count Luigi, thoroughly disguised in female attire, proceeded alone to make his romantic visit—his friend utterly refusing to accompany him in so perilous an enterprise.

On reaching the palace he was received in true Oriental style, by haughty eunuchs, and beautiful slaves; and at length, after numerous ceremonies, was ushered into the presence of the Grand Princess Nuzly.

The Count thus describes his visit and subsequent adventures:

"The Princess Nuzly was of small stature, though beautifully made. She wore, over a pair of wide bright amaranthus-colored silk trowsers, a large white Cashmere dress, the loose sleeves of which displayed her well-formed arms, and which, being open in front, made her train a yard and a half in length. A waistband of splendid large pearls, fastened with two large diamond clasps, encircled her waist. Her tiny feet were encased in a pair of satin slippers, embroidered with costly pearls. Her head-dress consisted of a large fillet of golden-colored crape Cashmere, which was twisted very prettily around her head. Her long black hair, neatly plaited, was rolled up behind and fastened with large diamond pins. Her bracelets consisted of strings of enormous pearls; her necklace was composed of some of the finest pearls imaginable, which fell negligently on her clear alabaster skin. I fell desperately in love with her at first sight. How incomparably beautiful she appeared! How haughty and tapered was her nose; what a sweet, pretty mouth; what pearly white teeth; the whole of her lineaments were perfection itself! But her eyes! ah, what eyes! They were the most piercing I had ever beheld; at one glance they seemed to scan me from head to foot, to read my thoughts, and cause my heart to palpitate most violently. In short, they shot through the very innermost recesses of my mind. Every time that her penetrating glance was fixed upon me I felt my countenance change, and I could have sunk into the earth. Is it possible, thought I, that those scrutinizing orbs can read the audacious lie that I had framed?

"Pipes and coffee, according to custom, were served; and then I commenced conversation with my vice-regal hostess. As soon as the usual compliments had been exchanged, I conveyed to Her Highness my friend's deep regret that her sudden indisposition had prevented her from accompanying me. I told her that she was extremely ill, almost in the last agonies of death, and I am really astonished that I did not even go so far as to state that she was dead.

"When once we begin to tell lies we hardly ever know where to stop. The excuses that I made for that lady's absence were graciously accepted by the Grand Princess, and our conversation passed on to other subjects.

"'Have you any family?'

"That is always the first question which an Oriental lady asks her visitor. I answered, as a matter of course, in the negative.

"'Therefore I suppose you are journeying to Jerusalem to pray to your prophet to give you some?' added the Princess.

"'Your Highness, with singular aptitude, has guessed the object of my journey.'

"'May Allah grant you your desire! for then your husband will love you more affectionately. Does he go with you?'

"'No, your Highness, business detains him in Europe.'

"'I am sorry for that: for it must be very dull to have to travel all that long way alone. For when a woman has to endure loneliness it is almost as wretched as death!'

"The subject which she had mooted was a very delicate one for me; so I endeavored to turn the conversation upon some other topic.

"It very seldom happens that women in the East meddle with politics, especially Princesses; nevertheless Nuzly Hanein had become quite *au fait* with them; and what she said showed clearly how well and deeply she had studied the art of government. Dearly beloved by her extraordinary father, possessing his unlimited confidence, she had, literally speaking, been the companion of his misfortunes and active life, and therefore had become quite a politician. Still it was evident that I ought not to appear to take much interest in politics, seeing that I myself was then but a woman. So I turned the conversation as skillfully as I could, and began praising the jewelry which adorned her person, and intimated that it would afford me unbounded delight to see her casket of jewels.

"A signal being given, an immense iron chest, covered over with red satin, richly spangled with gold, was brought in. It was opened, and the jewels were taken out of the cases.

"It is impossible to describe their magnificence and splendor! My sight was actually dazzled by looking at them. Aladdin's wonderful lamp, I am quite sure, could never have given its fortunate possessor a sight of any thing like those precious gems. Among them were pearls as large as pigeons' eggs, topazes as big as fowls' eggs, emeralds as large as pears, rubies, diamonds, and—I really can not enumerate the names of half the other uncut precious stones; but there were quite enough of them to fill a bushel measure. The Princess Nuzly hardly deigned to bestow a glance upon all these priceless treasures.

"'Your Highness,' inquired I, after having greatly extolled the beauty and workmanship of those wonders of art and nature, 'does not often wear them?'

"'Never,' replied she, very curtly. 'No, never; they are too heavy; and of what use would it be for me to adorn my person with them?'

"Then there was a long pause: the silence at length became so painful that my embarrassment was extreme, more especially as the Princess never removed her eyes from off my face.

"Not daring to presume to break the silence, I endeavored to conceal my perplexity by smoking a little, and drinking coffee.

"'I have been told,' said Her Highness, at length, 'that you have a great desire to visit my Harem; your request shall be gratified.'

"Accordingly the Mother of the Harem and half a dozen pretty slaves took me with them on a tour of inspection. The Princess did not accompany me; and having satisfied my curiosity by an examination of the splendid suits of apartments, I was conducted back to Her Highness. Coffee and pipes were again served; and three Circassian slaves, taking some Oriental musical instruments, produced some discordant sounds, which, however, were not wholly unpleasing. Meanwhile Her Highness reclined indolently on her divan, placing her red lips from time to time to the beautiful amber mouth-piece of her *chibouk*, from which she puffed forth light clouds of perfumed smoke. Occasionally she seemed as if lost in deep thought; but those piercing dark orbs of hers never took their glance off me; and even when they were withdrawn, I still felt their fascinating influence upon me, for the very marrow in my bones appeared to become frozen within me.

"At length the hour of departure arrived. Accordingly I submitted with the best grace possible to the final ceremony, which terminates all visits to distinguished personages in the East. Two slaves advanced toward me; one held in her hands an incense-burner, with which she wafted the smoke into my nostrils, and perfumed me as if I had been a holy person; the other held a small silver urn, pierced with small holes, filled with rose-water, which she sprinkled over my whole person.

"I received this double attention in the most impassible manner possible, and thus anointed with strong perfumes I slightly touched with the tips of my fingers the Princess's hand, and then put them respectfully to my lips; which is the mode in which persons of rank take leave of distinguished Orientals. The Princess bowed gracefully to me; then rising up all at once, just as I had reached the door, she advanced toward me:

"'Stop,' said she to me, 'I must show you my garden. And I will accompany you myself.'

"Then we passed into the garden, accompanied by a whole troop of attendants. Her Highness took hold of my hand as we descended the staircase, and lucky was it for me that I had a very small hand, totally unlike that of a man, or else it would have betrayed me.

"The guard who followed us kept at such a respectful distance from us that it was utterly impossible for them to overhear our conversation; we, however, maintained an interminable silence, but it would have been all the same if we had been conversing with each other.

"The gardens into which we had entered were undoubtedly very beautiful; but I confess that I was so dreadfully agitated that I am quite unable to give any description of them. I did not bestow the slightest attention upon the flowers, flower-beds, or fountains. All that I remember is, that we walked for some time along, very slowly, under a very shady avenue of sycamore-trees, and where I must have been least noticed.

"The silence that both I and the Princess observed toward each other at length became unbearable. So at last I took upon myself to break it, and began to praise, in as pure Turkish as I was master of, the perfume of the flowers, which I had neither noticed nor smelled; the gentle murmuring of the waters, that I had not listened to, and was proceeding in the same strain when the Princess interrupted me rather sharply, without the least allusion to the effusions of my poetical rhapsody:

"'I hope that you do not for a moment imagine I am your dupe?' said she, in a curt manner, at the same time letting fall my hand, which she had held in hers up to that moment. 'If my husband, Defterdar, whose anger knows no bounds, had seen you, and had but the slightest inkling of your audacity in thus presenting yourself before me, he would have had you impaled upon the spot, and most assuredly you would have deserved it.'

"'I flatter myself,' said I, 'that I have shown you, and I will prove to you again shortly, that I possess no fear, and that I am no coward.'

"Nevertheless I can not but confess that those words gave me such an electric shock that the whole of my limbs shivered and trembled violently. The bare idea of impalement is far from being agreeable at any time. I was so thunder-struck that I remained speechless. Fortunately the Princess gave me no time to offer any reply.

"'But luckily for you,' replied she, in a more subdued voice, 'my terrible husband is not at home, and I am as much mistress of my own actions as a woman can possibly be in any Mussulman's country. Adventurous mortals are far from being displeasing to me; I admire courage, no matter what form it takes; even if it borders on temerity or rashness. If, then, you are as brave and bold as the enterprise which you have now undertaken makes me give you credit for, you will come to the *Mogreb* to-morrow, to the Elfy Gate; a tall negro, dressed in red, will pass you, touch you on the left shoulder, as he walks along. Follow that slave if you wish to know any thing more.'

"Saying which, she again took hold of my hand as if nothing had happened, and led me on without uttering another syllable to the foot of the staircase. There she took leave of me in the most cordial and graceful manner imaginable, saying in a loud tone, so that all present might overhear her, that she was exceedingly grateful at having had the pleasure of conversing with such a ladylike specimen of my countrywomen, all of whom she trusted resembled me both in manners and habits.

"Preceded by the eunuchs, and followed by the slaves, I was led to the outer gate of the palace, with the same ceremony as had been observed on my arrival. Entering my carriage, perhaps a little more hastily than ladies generally do, I was driven to a place of safety, where I exchanged my habiliments and put on my own attire.

"As I was then only twenty years of age, it will not be regarded as surprising that I never closed my eyes the whole of the following night. My brain kept thinking of all the good and bad reports which I had heard about the Princess Nuzly, and my mind became extremely uneasy. Was it really a meeting or a snare that she had proposed? Was I to be the hero of an adventure or the victim of treachery?

"The next morning I purchased an excellent Damascus cimeter, as fine as a hair, and which was so highly tempered that it would have cut an eider-down pillow in half. This I concealed beneath my cloak—for I now wore my male habiliments—this was my life-protector; and placing a six-barreled revolver in my pocket, I walked up and down the Mogreb in front of the Elfy Gate.

"It was not long before the negro clad in red made his appearance, and touched me on the shoulder as he passed. As that gate of Cairo is one of the most frequented, I did not attract the curiosity of any of the passers-by as I turned round and followed him. My guide soon proceeded along a path to the left, and after having taken several windings which always led nearer to the banks of the Nile, he stopped short, which I did also, at the foot of a high wall which seemed to block up our passage.

"As night had suddenly closed in I did not at first perceive the small low door, which had all the appearance of being the postern gate of some old castle, of which the negro possessed the key. While he was in the act of stooping down, for he was full six feet high, I scanned the height of the wall, thinking whether, in case of need, it were possible for me to scale it by dint of a gigantic feat. While measuring it as accurately as possible with my eye, the tall slave interrupted my calculations by touching me on the shoulder as a token that the door was open. I crossed the threshold with a firm step, at the same time feeling that my revolver was safe in my pocket and my Damascus blade by my side. The slave quickly shut the door after me, and I continued to follow him. He passed across a long garden, which I shall not stop to describe, for the best of all reasons that the darkness of the night prevented me from being able to discern how it was laid out. My guide maintained an imperturbable silence.

"I really believe that he was a mute, and I will not swear but that he was deaf also, for he did not reply to a single question which I put to him. The grating of our footsteps echoed on the hard sandy paths of the avenues as we passed along. After making several detours, we at length reached the door of a kiosk concealed beneath some large trees, which must have formed a most grateful retreat in the daytime. My mute of a guide did not enter therein, but pushed me rather than introduced me into it, and there I was within that mysterious retreat alone in the dark, and without being able to grope my way. My first care was to find out my position as best I could. All that I was enabled to discover was that I trod on a thick carpet, strewn with the softest cushions, and that the hangings were of silk. It was surrounded with a large divan. I had just finished taking this inventory of the *penates* when I felt something clasp my neck. It was not, however, the classic silken cord of the mutes of the Seraglio: it was only the two soft arms of a lovely woman.

"This mode of reception was adopted to banish all my fears. I returned the embrace as any young man would naturally have done, without waiting to identify the person of the individual who had thus honored me with a private interview, and my approaches were returned with corresponding alacrity. It was not long before I knew perfectly well who my unknown Venus was.

"The night passed away as rapidly as if it had been but a few seconds; the stars were still shining most brilliantly, when that awful word, 'Farewell,' was pronounced by the sweetest lips I had ever pressed, and by a woman who was much more mistress of her own actions than I was of mine. I felt half inclined to have translated for her edification that beautiful balcony scene in Shakspeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' into the purest Turkish that I could command; but she appeased my regrets by breathing into my ear the fond hope that I would come again to-morrow, at the same hour, and in the same manner; and then, embracing me, the lovely phantom vanished, in the twinkling of an eye, like an ethereal being.

"I did not remain long alone: a heavy hand was placed upon my shoulder, and I hastily retreated. My safety, however, was not yet secured. I was not long in discovering that, instead of returning by the way he had conducted me, my guide, still the same black, dressed in red, took me in quite a different direction. He walked straight toward the Nile, which lay before us, as the creaking of water-wheels confirmed.

"'Good,' said I, as my heart beat with its usual promptitude. 'This is like having passed a quarter of an hour as Rabelais did. Now comes the forfeit. I am doomed to pay for the happiness I have enjoyed.' And all the dreadful tales which I had heard of the baseness and treachery of the Princess Nuzly presented themselves to my imagination.

"Remembering that I was in Egypt, I began to consider how and by what means was I to escape from the snare into which the beautiful but perfidious Princess had entrapped me. My black guide was six feet high, his frame Herculean, and I should have stood but little chance had I wrestled with such an antagonist. That Goliah would have crushed me with his thumb, and I possessed not the prowess of David.

"It is true that I was armed with one of the keenest of Damascus blades ever made, and a six-barreled revolver; but then the report of fire-arms would have brought a legion of eunuchs to his rescue, and as to the cimeter, well-tempered as it was said to be, I placed no confidence in it, as I had never used such a warlike weapon before. If my blow had missed I was a dead man; and yet I was obliged to adopt some plan; time pressed, or else in a few short moments all would be over with me.

"The creaking of the water-wheels became more distinct; the Nile was evidently not far from us. The first dawn of the day, which gives such a very indistinct light in the East, hardly allowed me to distinguish any more than the lofty wall beyond the trees, which on that as well as on the other sides encircled the garden. Soon afterward I saw the gate which opened on to the river, and you may rest assured that I was taken aback when I saw that it was guarded by three tall phantoms, three devils of blacks, placed there most unquestionably to seize hold of me and to cast me into the Nile, like a kitten, as they had done many a European before.

"At the sight of those formidable opponents I resolved to put into execution the project I had been meditating. Slackening my pace, I took advantage of an angle of masonry-work, which concealed me from observation, to rush upon my guide with the agility of a man who struggles for his life, and to plunge my Damascus blade up to its very hilt into his body. My trial stroke proved a *chef-d'œuvre*. It must have pierced his heart, as the poor devil dropped down dead instantaneously without uttering a groan. I then rifled his pockets, expecting to find there the key of the gate by which I had entered the grounds. I was fortunate enough to put my hand upon it, and, leaving others to bury his body, I turned about quickly and ran along as fast as my legs could carry me.

"In a few minutes I reached the opposite wall; the same the height of which I had taken the precaution to measure. On arriving there I found to my dismay that I had overrated my gymnastic abilities, and was baffled. A squirrel could not have bounded over it. I was then obliged to seek for the gate, which I was unable to discover. Was it on the right hand or the left? I could not tell. By mere chance I proceeded to the right, that side appearing the most likely; and, Heaven be praised! I had hardly gone thirty steps before I found the gate which had been anxiously sought for.

"Scarcely, however, had I put the key into the lock when three tall black eunuchs came suddenly upon me from different directions. They were the same whom I had seen mounting guard at the door to which the defunct negro was proceeding. The first one who approached me brandished a tremendous large sabre, a blow from which would have cleft my body in twain, but the first ball from my revolver laid him prostrate on the ground. It had, however, only broken his arm, but that was quite enough for the moment, as it was his right arm, and his sabre fell from it. That slight chastisement for his insolence produced a most salutary effect upon his companions, who thought that they would receive a similar correction, as they were also armed with formidable cimeters. As they drew back I passed through the door, and in so doing fired at them two farewell shots, without stopping to see what mischief I did. But it is most probable that they were killed, as I proceeded quietly on my way, and reached my own house safe and sound before sunrise.

"However, I hastened to quit Cairo as soon as possible, as I knew not what might be the result of my adventure. But it was passed over in silence, for people in Egypt are not so particular when a murder is committed as in Europe. The East is the land of silence as it is also of mystery."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

French Intelligence.—It is stated that green pease have made an abundant appearance in the restaurants at Paris. The French get their pease from Algeria now, which accounts for it. And really they ought to get some pease from there, for it has supplied them with war long enough.

FICTION AND FACT.

"Whenever I'm awake in bed
I lie and think," Tom Bouncer said.
To which remark the prompt reply
Was, "When you're up you think and lie."

Going, Going, very Cheap!—A person called James Taylor, a "comic" singer, put himself up to auction before a doubtless select gathering of publicans and music-hall keepers at Glasgow, Scotland. Strange to say, he was eventually knocked down. We should have thought he had gone too low for that.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

How to get a good Servant—Do your work yourself.

How to preserve Fruit—Put it into glass bottles, and seal the corks. Put them in a strong box (an iron safe will do), and bury them about ten feet in the ground. After that never go near them again.

How to prevent your Cat from Stealing—Never keep one.

How to pay Taxes—Look out of the top window and tell the collector you are all out of town and never expected back. If he does not believe this, you must prevail on him to pay them himself.

How to prevent Beer from turning Sour—Always leave the key in the tap, and don't lock the cellar.

How to buy Coals cheap—Don't give too high a price for them.

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh yaw," was the reply, "I know de reason for dat; *mine modder was a woman*."

"Out of sight, out of mind." We don't see it. We lost our wallet the other day and it hain't been out of our mind since.

An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, etc., he thus summed up. "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me too long with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless sirups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you now to strike at the cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood on the side-board.

The first and greatest thing in rhetoric is to have something to say.

Language.—A Spanish gentleman studying English, being at the tea-table, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue—in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment, and then said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me that *language*."

A clergyman was addressing his hearers with some warmth regarding the great power which the devil exercises over the minds of men generally, and just as he had come to a climax on this point a bewildered dog, which had entered the church in search of his master, uttered a loud bark, when, with a flash in his eye, and giving the Bible board a tremendous thump, the reverend gentleman exclaimed, "Ah, yes, my friends! the foul fiend is so bent on recruiting his ranks that he has sent that dog in here to-day to interrupt my speaking and carry away your minds."

A conductor out West recently demanded two tickets of the Siamese twins, but the twins insisted they were one, and as the conductor couldn't eject one without the other he had to let them pass.

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the bans of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven!"

Science does more for the brute than the man. Pigs, attacked by the most fatal disorders, are frequently cured after death.

"Do you believe in the appearance of spirits, father?" asked a rather fast young man of his indulgent sire. "No, Tom, but I believe in their disappearance, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon last night," said the old gentleman, looking hard at Tom. But Tom didn't seem to take the hint, although it was evident that he had taken the Bourbon.

Why is a generous man a good Christian?—Because he's for-giving.

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said his wife, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "this is my last folly."

OUR SAWYER'S SAW-DUST.

An Ox, that all day long
A yoke had sore oppressed,
Lay down upon his bed of straw
His weary limbs to rest.

Perched on his horn, a Fly
Said, "Friend, I see my weight
Hath taxed thy strength; I'll go a while
And swing on yonder gate."

"Thank you," the Ox replied,
"I wist not you were there;
And whether now you go or stay,
Shall neither know nor care."

Some carry, as they think,
The nation's fate about 'em;
But on its axis, I suspect,
The world would turn without 'em.

A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre!" "In what shape did it appear?" asked the priest. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

The most appropriate Composer for Church Music.—Bishop.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush." As for us, we had rather have two turkey buzzards in the bush than one in the hand.

SELF-CONCEIT.

Hail! charming pow'r of self-opinion!
For none are slaves in thy dominion:
Secure in thee, the mind's at ease:
The *vain* have only *one* to please.

Why is a constant attendant at auction an unpleasant fellow?—Because he's for-bidding.

The Poet for Fishermen.—Crabbe.

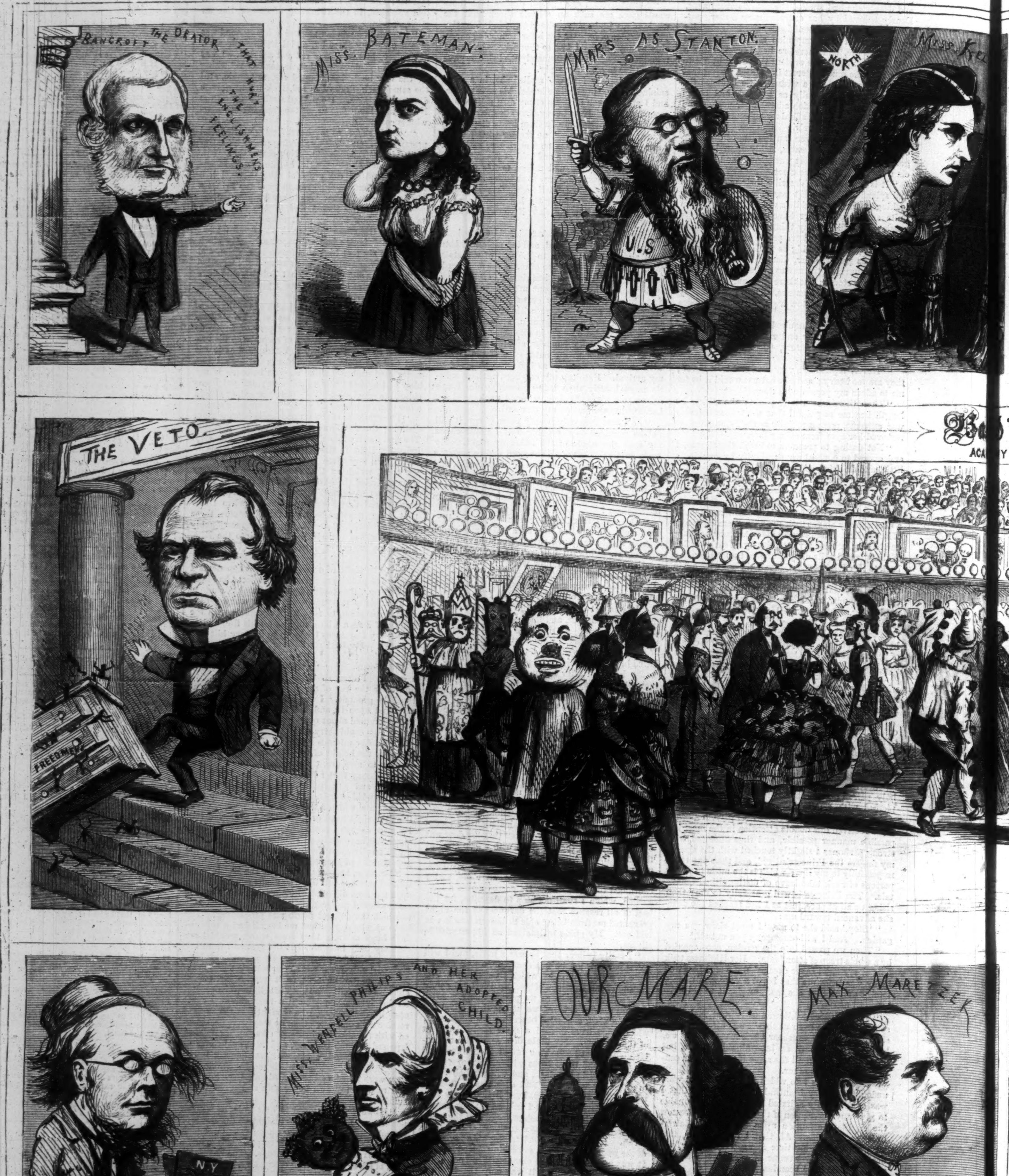
A wag says of woman: "To her virtue we give love; to her beauty, admiration; and to her hoops the whole pavement."

Why is the letter A like the meridian?—Because it is the middle of day. Why is the letter B like hot fire?—Because it makes oil boil. Why is the letter D like a fallen angel?—Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil. Why is the letter E like the end of time?—Because it is the beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like death?—Because it makes all fall. Why is the letter G like wisdom?—Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness. Why is the letter H like the dying words of Adams?—"This is the last of earth." Why is the letter J like the end of spring?—Because it is the beginning of June. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?—Because it is the end of pork.

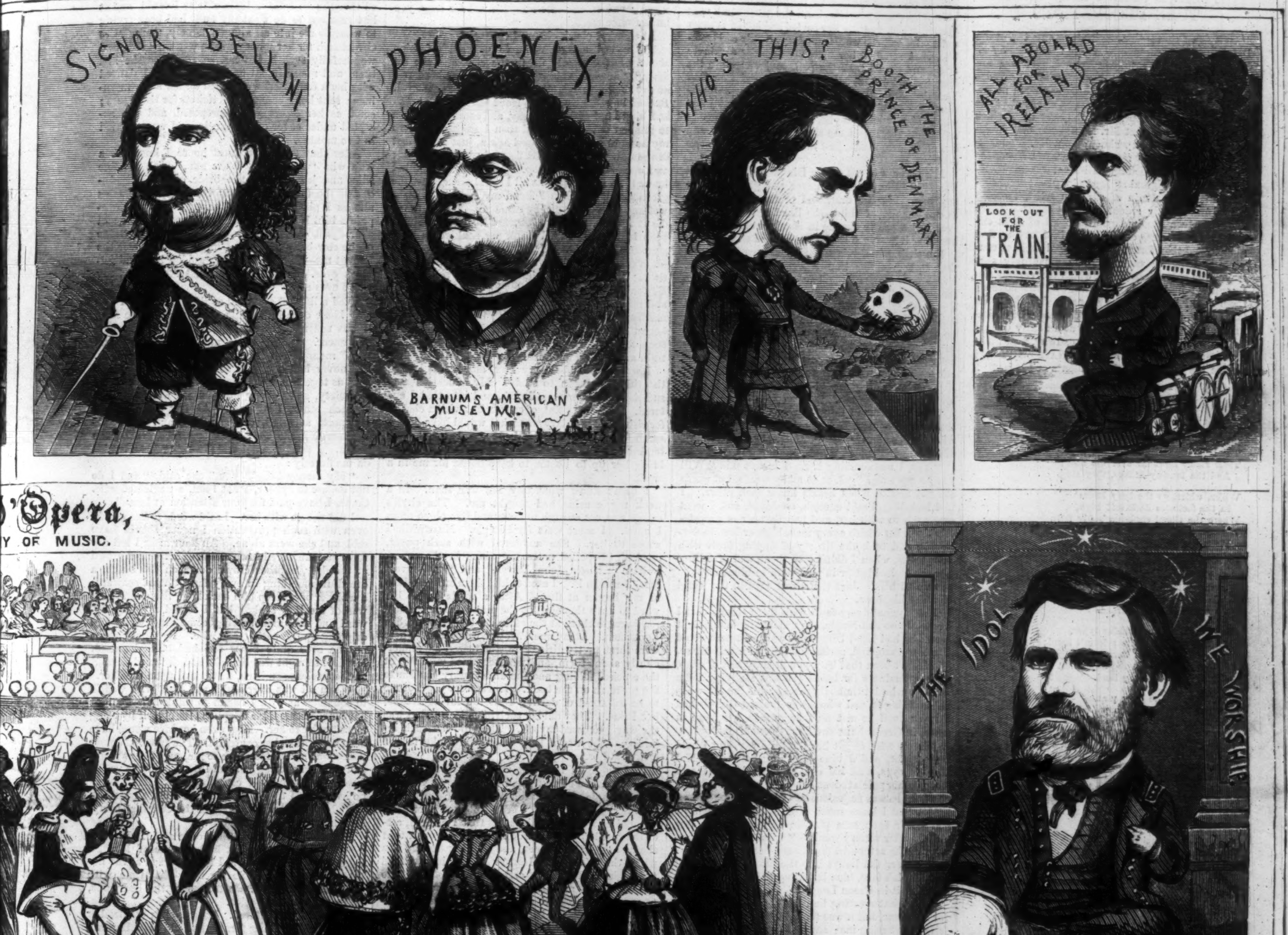
"So many men, so many minds." Not always the case. A gentleman asked a crowd to imbibe the other day. They were all of one mind and partook.

"Deal gently with the (h)erring," as the Cockney fish-dealer said to a customer.

Tenants of the Deep.—People who have wavy landlords.


BANCROFT THE ORATOR THAT HURT THE ENGLISHMENS FEELINGS.
MISS BATEMAN.
MARS AS STANTON.
U.S.
NORTH
MISS KEL
THE VETO
FREEDMEN
ACA Y
NY TRIBUNE
MISS WENDELL PHILIPS AND HER ADOPTED CHILD.
OUR MARE.
CITY HALL STABLE
MAX MARETZEK

GRAND MASQUERADE BALL GIVEN BY Mr. MARETZEK AT


SIGNOR BELLINI
PHOENIX.
BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
WHO'S THIS? BOOTH THE PRINCE OF DENMARK
ALL ABOARD FOR IRELAND
LOOK OUT FOR THE TRAIN.
d'Opera,
Y OF MUSIC.
Th. Nast.
THE IDOL WE WORSHIP.
THE HAND WE SHOOK SO OFTEN.
OUR ARTIST Th. Nast.
BEECHER THE C.S.A. RATTLE SNAKE CHARMER.
C. S.
DEAD DUCK.
A STUDY FROM NATURE BY ANDY JOHNSON.
THE POST.

E ACADEMY OF MUSIC, April 5, 1866.—By Thomas Nast.—[See Page 234.]

THE BAL D'OPERA AND CARICATURE DECORATIONS.

Our double page this week represents the grand Bal d'Opera which took place at the Academy of Music on Thursday night, April 5. It was undoubtedly the event of the season, and proved a great success, the committee having spared no expense to make the arrangements on as grand a scale as possible. We hope, from the *éclat* with which this one went off, that Mr. **Maretzek** may be induced to repeat the experiment annually. The picture is surrounded by representations of a few of the caricatures with which the ball-room was decorated. This new and original style of adornment emanated from the fertile brain of our own artist, **Thomas Nast**, and greatly redounds to his credit. There were nearly a hundred paintings, all of them excellent caricatures, easily recognized at the first glance, and they formed the principal topic of conversation. They each of them amazingly portrayed the characteristics by which the various distinguished individuals were known, but none of them could be considered ill-natured; all parties fared alike, from the President down. The caricatures are to be sold by auction at an early day, at the Somerville Art Gallery in Broadway, near Fourteenth Street, when we hope Mr. **Nast** may amply realize the just reward of his talents and industry.

THE WORKERS.

Clink, clank, sound the hammers now;
  The sturdy anvils ring;
The bellows roar, and the hot flames pour
Their ruddy light far over the floor;
  And the brawny smiths, they sing.

Whirr, whirr, go the busy looms
  In the factories dark and high,
Where the timed sunbeam softly falls,
Through the crusted pane, on the blackened walls,
  From the pure and beautiful sky.

Stitch, stitch, go the needles bright
  And the silver gleaming thread;
Women toiling early and late,
While the eyelids droop with a heavy weight,
  To earn their daily bread.

Click, click, go the slender types,
  As they fall from the printer's hand;
Scattering wide each burning thought,
As it shaped itself in the mind that wrought,
  Far over the waiting land.

Burr, burr, go the busy planes
  In the homely work-shops, where
The sinewy joiners all day ply
Their noisy craft; and the shavings fly,
  And their fragrance fills the air.

Ring, ring, chime the virgin coin,
  As the mighty lever falls
On the solid bars of silver and gold
By the swarthy coiners fashioned and rolled
  In the great mint's vaulted halls.

Delve, delve—hear the miners at work
  Far down in the hidden mines,
Toiling by day and toiling by night
'Mid the noxious glooms, where no ray of light
  From the warm sun ever shines.

On, on speed the sharpened plows
  As they turn the heavy soil
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
Through the last year's furrows, gleaming bare,
  With the horny hand of toil.

These are the workers, hour by hour,
  With hearts that are brave and true,
From dawn till dark, through the whole day's length,
Each gives with an earnest will his strength
  To the work he finds to do.

But a grander task for all remains
  Which will only end with Time;
And this grand task is 'mid the ceaseless din
Of the constant struggle that hems us in
  To make our lives sublime.

DIMPLE.

She had golden hair, black eyes, a brunette skin, and a dimple in her chin. I think I fell in love with the dimple.

I wasn't any body in particular then, only a farmer's lad with a pair of strong arms, and plowing all day in old man Barton's field I used to see her come down into Aunty Maple's meadow joining it, with just a rail fence between, to milk the cows. I didn't know her name, and I felt shy about asking it; for who, at eighteen, likes to be laughed at? And I called her, to myself, "Dimple."

I used to say when the sun began to dip behind the Camel's Hump, which, either purple or white, was always to be seen from the field on clear days, she'll be here in half an hour. And there she always was, with her stool and pail, calling to the cows by name. There were four of them; Suke, and Short-horn, and Dapple, and Crummie. One day Crummie brought us acquainted.

They had taken the beast's calf from her, and she was like a wild thing about it; and just at milking-hour that torment of a boy, Nat Maple, hid himself behind the bushes and made a lowing sound. Crummie thought it was a calf, and when that minute Dimple opened the gate she lowered her horns and made at her.

What with the surprise and the fright together the girl stood quite still, turning white as the lilies in the pond close by; the pails dropped out of her hand and the stool flew any where, and there she was, woman like, giving herself up to her fate without a struggle.

There was a man near though, and he was over the fence with a great oak stick in a minute, and the next Crummie was one side of the gate and Dimple on the other. Brutes with four legs, like brutes with two, are generally afraid of those they know are not afraid of them, and it never entered Crummie's mind to toss me, I fancy.

But there was Dimple in a swoon, and the farm-house a quarter of a mile away. So I could only fill my hat with water from the pond and sprinkle her face with it, and lift her head upon my arm and hold it there, trembling to think she might have been frightened to death, until the great black eyes opened again, and the lips parted and began to grow red again, and she would stand up all pale and trembling. I steadied her with my arm for a minute or so, and then I took the pails and went into the meadow and did the milking for her, and after that I carried the full pails home for her, for she was trembling still. By that I earned a smile and a nod when we met, and, maybe, a word over the fence at milking times, for in the shadow of Camel's Hump one didn't care much, just then, about formal introductions.

Her name was not really Dimple, of course. It was Hetty Shaw; but I never thought of her by any name but the first, and pretty soon I began to call her so. I think she liked it, for what girl ever had a pretty dimple in cheek or chin without knowing it? None that ever I heard of.

I'm sitting in a velvet chair just now, in a room that cost goodness knows how much to furnish. I've an account at the bank, and shares in the Smashemflat Railway Company; but I'd change in a minute if I could back to raw, awkward John Jasper, perched on a rail fence, with nothing in his pocket but a hole, talking to Dimple, milking her cows in Aunty Maple's meadows; and many a richer man than I would give you any thing you could ask to put him back into a poorer place than that, if you'd only give him youth and the girl he first loved into the bargain.

It was the sort of thing to remember in dreams, that homely courtship, under the blue sky of heaven, with earth's clover under our feet. Cut that bit out of my life and it isn't worth much, to my thinking.

"Yes, I was courting her. I hadn't said "Will you be my wife?" yet, in so many words, but words are not needed when hearts know each other. I had looked and said enough, no doubt, and I went every where with her, and had that air of proprietorship in her which every man, high or low, understands, and took the liberty of finding fault with her gowns, when I didn't like them, and of telling her she looked better in pink than in blue; and she put up with it. Just the surest sign in the world that she liked me.

Nobody found any fault with these things that I know of but Hal Maple, the widow Maple's son. It seems he had liked Dimple as well as a man could like a woman, and, perhaps, might have told her so, if it hadn't been that he was a dreamy sort of chap, with a fondness for books (he was studying for a doctor), who let time slip through his fingers without marking it, and who never guessed Dimple had a lover until he met us, face to face, her hand in mine, in Green Lane one Sunday evening.

Dimple tried to get her fingers away, but I held them tight, and a blue lightning danced in Hal Maple's eyes, and his cheeks flushed, and I saw through his pale student's face clear down into his heart. He was as jealous as Othello.

Not that I knew much of Othello then, seeing I had never been to a play in my life; but a few months after when I went to Boston and saw it performed, the actor—he must have been a good one—looked over the lamps into the pit at me with just Hal Maple's face, blue lightning in the eyes and all, as I saw it in Green Lane.

After that meeting he tried his best to make up for lost time, but it was too late. I don't blame the fellow for hating me; and he kept the hatred pretty much to himself, and never did an ungentlemanly thing. He was a gentleman by nature was Hal Maple.

How proud I was, and how glad I was, and what pyramids of little hopes I built! Not one of which could have been built without Dimple. I even forgot the one trial of my life—the thing I had fretted and fumed over more than I can tell you—nothing more nor less than being a farmer's lad when I wanted to be something more, and stopping short with a common school education when it had been in my mind to be a scholar. Nobody had I envied more than Hal Maple, whose mother could send him to college and let him study for a profession; who would some day be called Dr. Maple, and have a gentleman's position in the world. Now the tables were turned. Hal Maple envied *me*. We're a cruel lot in this world. I rose a good deal in my own estimation by having made myself envied.

This was my plan just then. To live along in the shadow of the Camel's Hump, working and saving until I could get a piece of ground. To build a little house on that, when it was bought, and marry my little Dimple. Then if we had a cow and a churn, a pine table, and four chairs, and a big feather-bed, what more could mortals want to begin with? I never should have thought of any thing more if one bright day—I think Satan showed him the way—my mother's Uncle Darrow had not found me out. He had quarreled with my parents long before, and in his old age had grown remorseful. He told me plainly he was not rich enough to make me rich without injuring his own children, but he was ready to give me a start in life. "A respectable start," he said, looking at the dust upon my boots and the bits of hay on my clothes, "and one your mother would approve of."

Well, I had given up all hope of such a thing, but the wish was not dead yet. It flashed up into flame at his words. I thanked him and pleased him by looking genuinely grateful, and that day got ready to go back to Boston with him. I was so busy that every cow in the meadow had been milked by the time I jumped the fence to have a talk to Dimple.

"Dimple," I said, in a hurry, "I'm going to Boston by the eight o'clock train."

"To Boston!" she cried; "for long, John?"

"For good, Dimple," said I.

If her color had been paint, and she had dipped her cheeks in the pond, all the red could not have left them faster. I saw I had frightened her, and began to reassure her.

"I have excellent prospects there," I said. "I've always hated this life," and then I told her all. She ought to have been pleased, but she cried instead.

"How lonesome it will be!" said she.

"I shall miss you, I'm sure," said I; "but I'll write twice a week and come down when I can. It won't seem much. Besides, it's not for long, you know."

At that her cheek changed to scarlet.

She talked a good while in womanish fashion about what I should do in the city, and she sat down by me on an old stump and let her head rest on my shoulder, and by-and-by grew more cheerful. But oh, how hard it was to leave her after all!

I kissed her and went away, and came back again to kiss her once more; and then I stopped to wave my hand to her, and stopped again, just at the foot of the hill, to see the little figure looking after me; and once more at the top, when a fleck of pink I knew to be her gown was all I could see against the green grass, and then I found my sunburnt cheeks wet and guessed how they came so. People never die at the minute they afterward think would have been best for them. I think my soul would have gone straight to heaven if my body had dropped, a bit of clay, under the sycamores on the hill-top just then. I had a good mind to go back to old man Barton that minute and ask him to take me back, and refuse to accept any offer that would separate me from Dimple for a day; but in an hour or so I began to think myself an idiot for harboring any such fancy. At eight o'clock I stepped into the train and was off for Boston.

I was three-and-twenty now, and it was hardly the thing to begin to study. My education was sufficient for a mercantile life, and into that I entered. At a low point, of course, but with a chance for rising. My salary was what would have been a small fortune to me a year before, and at first I intended to go back to —— and marry Dimple and bring her up to Boston to keep house for me in a week.

I didn't know what city life was then. In a week my cousins had taught me. The clerk's salary was not enough to dress and live alone on as I must. I must wait for Dimple. Meanwhile I wrote to her. She answered with such queer, crooked, ill-spelled notes, my name in the corner written "*Mister* John Jasper," and "with great care" beneath it. I used to kiss them and put them in my bosom at first. After a while I sent her word to have them left at the post-office until called for, because those at the office used to grin so when I got them. At my uncle's it was worse yet. There were three pretty girls there who teased me unmercifully about them, and who screamed with fun at the crooked folding and the unnecessary caution to the postman on the back. It was very cruel of me to be ashamed of darling Dimple's loving letters, but I was. They did her such injustice. That was the way I excused myself. They did her such injustice. She was a lady when you spoke to and looked at her.

So I thought; but three months with those fashionable cousins of mine, and I went down to ——. I met Dimple at the church door, and walked home with her. She was more beautiful than ever; but so rapid had been my education that I noticed, after the first happiness of the meeting was over, that she had on leather shoes, and that her bonnet was what the Mesdames Darrow would have called "a fright." Besides, it certainly *was not* stylish to hang on my arm with both hands as she did, and to carry her handkerchief folded flat on her hymn-book in the bend of her elbow. But for all that I loved her, and thought of the time when she should be my wife. I knew now it could not be until I could hire a house fit for a gentleman to live in, and buy Dimple dresses such as ladies wore, and have sofas and lounges and *têtes-à-tête* to sit on, instead of the four pine chairs which would have contented us once. I think I gave a sigh or two, even then, for the lost simplicity and the ease with which I could have settled down in the poor little cottage three months before; and I remember burying my face in my hands half the way back to Boston, with a sort of miserable desire to shut out thought along with the daylight.

It was *six* months before I went down again; and then I must have cut a very fine figure, for there was a regular stir in the church when I went in, and I heard a whisper of "Boston store clothes."

I had a cigar-case of prime Havanas in my pocket; a watch and seals at my fob; a diamond ring and a pin to match; but I was by no means rich enough to be married. My salary would be doubled next quarter; but then I had my aunt's estimate of "the least a young couple could live on."

Perhaps my manner was colder to Dimple than it had been. She looked sad when we parted; and it was a whole fortnight before she wrote. I *did* kiss her letter then, for I had been anxious about it.

Oh dear, dear! what little things our tragedies and comedies on the stage of actual life are made of! Write them down, and half the time no one would read them. Little things happened to me, and drove me step by step into a new road, and so it came to thinking that I never should be able to marry; that is, a poor girl, and that there was no reason in the world for writing so many letters, and that, all things considered, I would not. So those queer little notes went unanswered, until, in her fright, Dimple came down to Boston to see me. That ended it, for she was no fool. By the next post, after she went back, came this note to me:

> "Mr. John Jasper,—I am not angry—only I have seen that things are not as they *was*. You and *me* have both *maid* a mistake, and it is better to speak *plane* about it than to let it go on longer. In this you will find your ring, and, by some safe hand, I will send your letters. Please send me mine, for it is not fit you should keep them now; and believe I shall always wish you well.
>
> "Hetty Shaw."

When that note came I raved and stamped and tore my hair at first; then I cooled down. It *was* better—much better; and then it was her doing, not mine. (How I lied to myself!) So pretty soon I sent back her letters by a country woman who brought mine, and it was all over between us, and Dimple was not my Dimple any longer.

Sitting in the close city office, in the hot summer days, I used to think sometimes of the breezy green meadows and the waving grain-fields, and wonder whether she came there at sunset, as of yore, to milk the cows. That sort of thing made me wretched though; so I did as little of it as I could, and at last resolved to do what my aunt had been trying to wheedle me into all along; namely, marry Miss Graymarsh for her money. She was very rich, and wonderfully stylish, but not so young as she had been, and never in all her life pretty. I danced with her a few evenings; called on her a few mornings; sent her a bouquet and tickets for the Opera; acted as her escort there; proposed, and was accepted under cover of the music, and was married in two months.

After that I had the finest house I knew of—a wife who "shimmered i' the sun," with her fine silks and jewels, like the bride of the ballad—owned the fastest trotter on the road, and was as idle as I pleased. Was I happy? Do you suppose a bird is happy in a gilded cage? Over and over again, waking or sleeping, I heard the tinkle of the cow-bells, and saw Dimple looking over the bars at me—Dimple, with her golden hair and jet-black eyes. I hardly knew what the color of my wife's eyes really was.

I led a life fast and wild as life could be. I was only home once in a while. Then, after the first, it was sneer, taunt, and quarrel—quarrel, taunt, and sneer. "*My*" house, and "*my*" horses, and "*my*" money from her from morning until night. We never had a child; so there was nothing to bind us together. Still we went through the forms of society, and nobody guessed we were not fond of each other, I suppose. At last we went to Newport, as usual, one summer; and one glowing morning she would have me go down on the beach. I wanted quiet and my cigar. She turned on me fiercely:

"My money bought you," she said, "and I do not choose to appear, what I am, a neglected wife. Come, I have paid for your attention at least."

I did not go with her. I said words to her which, even with such provocation I never should have said, and she went alone. An hour after I left my room and sauntered down stairs. There was a crowd at the door, another crowd down on the beach, a dreadful something in every face, turned seaward, a whisper of "Keep him back!" "Stop him!" It was of me they spoke; but I forced my way forward and saw men bearing something white and dripping up the path. My wife. By what chance no one ever quite knew she had been drowned. My first thought was that she had drowned herself, and, conscience-smitten, I swooned upon the floor.

When all was over and I was free, with wealth to squander at will, I began to think how I might have made some little happiness for myself by being more tender to her. How even her love would have been better than her contempt. The splendid empty house was a haunted place to me, and I shut it up, and went wandering here and there over the world. I went to Europe. I came back, and found home no happier. I tried California. I lived a month in Canada. At last I thought of the Camel's Hump, and the village in its shadow.

I longed to see the old place once again. Perhaps I wanted to know what had become of Dimple. And there, in a few days, I found myself at the hotel, quite a fashionable place by that time, with Brussels carpets and mattresses in the bedrooms, and a piano in the parlor.

The place had altered. The people were dead or scattered. A young farmer had old man Barton's land, all but a piece cut off by the railway. The Smiths were all in the grave-yard, and the Brown girls had changed their names to a woman. Nobody remembered me, with my great man's mustache and beard, for the smooth-faced young fellow who had lived among them; and the only house unchanged was the widow Maple's. She lived there still, and her son with her. She had hair as white as snow now, and in the middle of his head was a great bald spot, such as students have, nine times in ten, before they are forty.

There was a gilded sign—"Dr. Maple"—on the side of the door, and he had a gig; that was all. I wondered whether I should find Dimple there. After a while I saw her. Down in the meadow, milking the cows, calling them by name, as she did in the long ago. I half expected to hear "Crummie" called, they looked so like the old ones. It was not a girl who milked them now, for I had been away fifteen years, but a woman—a very handsome woman of two-and-thirty. She did her task deftly, aided by a little girl who came with her and went away, not seeing me. But I had seen her glance over the fence where another youth was plowing as I used to plow, and I wondered if she thought— She had the same black eyes and the same golden hair; and I had been right about the face, it was the loveliest in the world.

I could not rest after that. I rode past the house daily; sometimes I saw her, sometimes not. At last a lucky, or unlucky chance befell me. I was thrown from my horse, broke an arm and a rib, and was carried into Dr. Maple's house.

I was in pain, and only half-conscious at first, but as I grew better I began to know that Dimple was my nurse. Her hand smoothed my pillow and gave me my medicine. Often she kept vigil at night, and her face was always gentle and her voice low. What an angel she seemed to me! and even then I could not but notice that her countrified, girlish ways were softened down, and that she was quite a lady.

She knew me, for she called me by name; but what did she think of me? That was a problem I could not solve. As I grew better I knew that I must solve it somehow. I had loved Dimple once, and I loved her yet, with a sort of new love too, born of the present as well as the past. And I wondered whether she had kept single for my sake.

At last I spoke to her,

"Dimple," I said, "will you come here?"

She was sewing in the fading light near the window, but she laid down her work and came to me.

"Do you want any thing, Mr. Jasper?"

"I do, a few words with you."

"And welcome," she said, smiling.

"I'm so much better now," I said, "that I shall go home soon. I want to thank you for your kindness. You have been so good to me."

"I've only done my duty, Sir."

"But to me, I am so undeserving."

"You broke your arm, and were ill. We women never think further than that."

"Ah, but you must; I proved myself such a worthless dog, long ago."

"So long ago I've quite forgotten it," said Dimple. "You'd better sleep now."

"I can't, Dimple. Nor can *I* forget. Those old times were the happiest of my life."

"These will be the unhappiest if you talk any more," she said. "I shall call the doctor. Your head is quite hot. We'll have you in a fever next." And in a minute in came Dr. Hal Maple, making me jealous in a moment by the bright smile he won from Dimple and by the look he gave her.

Sleep! I slept none that night, and there was fever at my heart if not in my brain.

I found no more chance of speaking to Dimple for some days, fume as I might. By that time I was well and ready to leave the roof which had so hospitably sheltered me. I thanked the doctor and his mother, and looked for Dimple. She was not there. It was the milking hour, and she was in the meadow.

To the meadow I went to venture all: to lose or win for life. I leaned against the bars with my hurt arm in a sling and watched her. She was teaching the little girl to milk, and laughing at her blunders. Soon she saw me and nodded.

"I have come to bid you good-by," I said.

"Good-by, Mr. Jasper," she answered, and crossed to me and held out her hand. "I'm glad you are well. Don't break any more bones. This has been a pretty serious time with you."

"I was near death, I believe?" I said.

"Yes, but for the doctor's skill you might have died."

"And *your* care."

She shook her head.

"*I* did nothing."

"You did all, Dimple, perhaps you did more than you know. You can't tell what thoughts were in my mind. How bitterly I rued my heartless conduct. If I thought I had grieved you, I—"

She shook her head.

"I was a young thing of seventeen," she said, "and had a romantic trust in human nature. I was shocked, and I did fret a little. I'm ashamed now that I could have grieved for such a little thing."

"A little thing, Dimple?"

"Yes, the love that could change is too small a thing to grieve or even think of."

I can not convey an idea of the placid way in which she spoke, not taunting me, only uttering a truth she knew to be one.

But I was flushed and excited.

"My love has never changed, Dimple," I said. "I was only mad for a while. I have never loved any one but you. I never shall. My heart has been empty since we parted."

"You will find some one to fill it yet," she said. "That little romance of yours and—and mine was over long ago. As well bewail a broken toy of our childhood. I must say good-by, Mr. Jasper."

"Not yet," I said, in a husky whisper—"not yet. Dimple, I love you to-day as I never did before. Nay, do not take your hand from me; let me keep it. Dimple, you must give me a little hope, or I die."

"You insult me, Sir," she said, wrenching her fingers from me. "You have no right to speak so. I have done nothing to warrant it."

"Insult!" I repeated. "Ah, Dimple, I mean no insult. I deserve punishment, but I have been punished. Think one moment, darling—be merciful; unless you are my wife life is valueless."

"Your wife!" she repeated.

"Dimple—dear Dimple—my wife!"

She burst into a laugh—a rippling, innocent laugh.

"I thought you knew," she said. "But then he calls me Hetty, and I call him Doctor; and we kept the children away for fear of harming you. I've been married twelve years, John Jasper, and Hal Maple is my husband. I know what real love is now—true love—that could not change. That is my girl yonder by the dappled cow—the eldest. The others are boys. I'm a very happy woman, and have been a long while, John."

Then she looked at me pityingly.

"I'm sorry you are not. I hope you will be some day," she said, simply, and gave me her hand. Then I watched her out of sight along the meadow. Hal Maple's wife—not mine.

I'm an old man now, and live in the grand frozen city house. I have friends, who eat and drink with me, and am rich, and, among business men, a little famous. But often, amidst the gayest carousal or "on 'Change," all things of the present pass away, and I see the field and the meadow and the lowing kine, and Dimple among them, and lean over the bars to kiss her before I am sure it is only an old man's dream.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE is something dreadfully uncomfortable in the feeling with which one reads the recent debate in the French Senate, on the report of the committee on a petition by Dr. Cornol, for an extension of the *Code Civile* in the matter of ante-burial ceremonies. The French law is exceedingly tiresome in all that relates to the conveyance of corpses from one place to another, and indeed in every thing connected with death, so that if an American is by any misfortune charged with conducting the last rites for a friend or relation who has chanced to die in France, he will find it about the most annoying piece of business he has ever had any thing to do with. It is nothing of this kind, however, against which Dr. Cornol has petitioned, for in all probability a Frenchman accustomed to paternal government may not feel its solicitudes in season and out of season to be so much a *gêne* as a less profusely governed man does. The law requires that twenty-four hours shall elapse between death and burial, and the minimum thus fixed Dr. Cornol declares to be not nearly sufficient, a declaration which he supports by numerous instances of suspended animation, showing that he has good ground for his opinion that a large number of persons are annually buried alive in France. No subject would provide a more ghastly theme for the pen than this, and there is a fascination about it against which men like Edgar Poe have not been proof.

The whole question is in itself sufficiently striking, but a dramatic effect was produced in the Senate when the matter was brought before that body, such as very few assemblies in the world have had an opportunity of witnessing—an effect which might have appeared in one of the elder Dumas's more dashing and improbable novels, but would certainly up to this time have been held to be scarcely legitimate in ordinary works of fiction. M. de la Gueronnière, in presenting the report, argued against the petition, and proposed to shelve it by the technical motion to proceed with the order of the day. Thereupon his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux rose and expressed his dissent from the Viscomte's conclusion. In the first place, he declared that the precautionary regulations of the law were very frequently evaded in practice, but the strength of his argument was that even if strictly carried out they were wholly insufficient. He had himself, while yet a *curé*, saved several lives about to be sacrificed to the indecent haste of survivors. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to perfect health. Another man, of advanced years, had been already put in the coffin, and yet lived for twelve hours after. Moreover, he had performed in his own person a miracle such as would have given him a good chance of becoming a canonized saint had he lived in the Middle Ages, when people believed in the continuance of miraculous power. He had seen the body of a young lady laid out for dead, the attendants covering the face as he entered, but allowing him to observe so much as convinced him that the maiden was not dead but slept. Thereupon, with a loud voice (how Scripturally it runs!), he cried out that he was come to save her. He adjured her to feel convinced that by an effort she could shake off the lethargy which oppressed her, and could return to life. His voice reached her numbed sensations, she made the effort, and has lived to be a wife and mother. This very remarkable account throws light upon the miracles of early times. Thus when Empedocles, the philosopher, got the credit of restoring to life a deceased woman (see the story told by Diogenes, Laertius, and others), there can be little doubt that the person whom he saved was suffering under one of the various forms of *coma*, to which all nations have given so many different names, and to which we ourselves in common parlance, rightly or wrongly, do the same. It is as well to add, in passing, that although this remark might apply equally well to the case of the damsel whom the words "Talitha Kumi" brought back to life, that miracle was only one out of a very large number, to the majority of which no such explanation could apply.

But his Eminence had a more striking instance to adduce. A young priest fell down dead, as it was supposed, while preaching in a crowded church on a sultry day, about forty years ago. The funeral bell was tolled, the doctor came and examined him in the perfunctory official style, much in the same way as the two inspectors at Hull examined the fatal 600 head of diseased cattle in three hours and a half, and certified that he was dead, all in the dead man's full hearing. Then came the measuring for the coffin, the *De Profundis* recited by episcopal lips, accompanied by the intense agony of one who was conscious of the preparations that were being made for his own burial. At length some one present spoke, whose voice the dead man had known and loved from very early years. A chord was touched which galvanized the frame, the corpse rose up, and became once more a living soul. Such stories are to be found in many story-books, and probably few of the Archbishop's audience were not familiar with something of the kind as the result of their reading at an age when the marvelous and the horrible have a peculiar fascination for the mind. But there was something in the speaker's manner which led them to suppose that it was no ordinary tale that was being told in their presence, and they hung upon his further words: "That young priest, gentlemen, is the same who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

It is satisfactory, really, to run such a story to earth. We have never felt quite clear about the truth of the dreadful stories that are told of facts observed, and the horrible suggestions of unknown terrors to which these facts give rise. Every one has heard of the lady whose ring tempted a servant to violate her tomb, and even to endeavor to bite off the finger from which it refused to be drawn, the shock of which brought back the dead woman to life and consciousness. And there is that ghastly scene where corpses are laid out in full dress, with wires in their hands connected with bells, so that the smallest motion of the muscles would summon an attendant. And a tale is told of a corpse suddenly rising up from the bed on which it was laid out, terrifying the watcher so that she fled half-fainting, and the reanimated body was left without assistance and once more died, this time completely. The horrors of being buried alive are so manifest and manifold that it is almost unnecessary to point out how such a death has been reserved as a punishment for the direst offenses only. Vestal virgins with broken vows and nuns convicted of unchastity are among the most ordinary examples, their offense being held to be the most heinous conceivable under the peculiar circumstances of their position. At Ensbury, in Dorset, there is a tradition that many years ago a man was put quick into the earth as a punishment, buried up to the neck, a guard preventing any from rescuing or feeding him till death relieved him. The Irish rebel, Shane O'Niel, used to get right after drinking himself drunk with usquebaugh by a like process, being placed upright in a pit and covered with earth to his shoulders, by which means, says Holinshed, his body, being "extremely inflamed and distempered, was recovered to some temperature."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME sarcastic critic—evidently a novice in the ways and *airs* of fashionable society—thus hits off the affected hesitation frequently evinced when a young lady is asked to sing at an evening party:

> "On being led to the piano the young lady first throws a timid glance round the room, ostensibly to show a gentle confusion, in reality to see who is looking at her. She then observes to the lady of the house, 'That she is not in very good voice, having a slight cold,' which she confirms by a faint sound, something between a sigh, a smile, and a single-knock cough. 'Oh! but you always sing so delightfully,' declares the hostess, encouragingly. The young lady is 'certain she can not this evening'—to strengthen which opinion she makes some young gentleman exceedingly joyous by giving him her bouquet to hold; and drawing off her gloves in the most approved style, lays them, together with her filmy handkerchief, conspicuously upon the piano. An active gentleman volunteers to shut down the top of the piano, which has been opened for quadrilles, and pinches his fingers in the attempt; the musicians form a series of dissolving views; and the young lady takes her place at the piano. As she plays the chords of the key she is about to luxuriate in every body is not perfectly silent, so she finds the music-stool is too high, or too low, or something of the kind. At length all being still she plays the symphony again, and then smiling at the hostess, and saying she is 'certain she shall break down,' she brings out the opening notes of a recitative, which makes the drops of the chandelier vibrate again, and silences even a couple who are whispering all sorts of nothings to a talkative lady in the back drawing-room."

It is no wonder that such ridiculous affectation—of which the above is no overdrawn picture—should be rather disgusting to sensible men and women. It is a rare but refreshing sight to see a lady without apology comply with a request to sing, with the same grace and ease that she would contribute to the enjoyment of her friends in other ways.

Another fault is lamentably common. Many a time have we listened to a song trilled forth in a most artistic manner, querying mentally the while, whether it was French, Italian, or what foreign tongue, and have been chagrined to find that it was only *English;* but the keenest ear could not have detected a word or syllable analogous to any hitherto known in our vocabulary. At a school exhibition not long ago, the first music performed was, "Teach me, O Lord," etc. It was sung thus: "*Teece chmè Ol ord ther wa yof thy sta-atue, san di shall kee pit unto the en, dan di shall kee pit unto the en;*" etc. An anthem was next performed, commencing, "Turn, O Lord, O turn away." It was rendered, "*Tschurn, no Lor do tschurn na-way.*"

Nothing is more delightful than good singing and good music—in the family, in the social gathering, in the church. But something more than vocal ability or artistic skill is necessary to produce good music—the "spirit and the understanding" must be thrown into the performance. Let the children in the family be trained to sing—not merely the *one* who may possess a "fine voice" and a "correct ear," but *all*. How many look back regretfully to their childish days, remembering how they were told, "you have no voice," "your ear is not correct," "you'll never make a singer," until it seemed a fixed fact. Some have *ten* talents—some only *one*. Let not parents help their children to bury *the one*. All may not become Jenny Linds—but there are very few who, by proper training, may not join in the music of the family circle—with, at least, pleasure to themselves.

Some of our city journals do not seem to have much confidence in the knowledge possessed by their readers of the first principles of Numeration. The following item recently appeared:

> "Leavenworth, Kansas, exhibits great mercantile activity for so small a place. The daily average of deposits at one of the banking houses of that city during the month of February was $676,091, or over six hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars."

Yes, just ninety-one cents over! as any New York school-boy of ten years old would be able to tell from the numerals alone. However, such a double statement of numbers may be needful in some cases. For we call to mind a certain fashionable dressed lady, sitting stately in her pew at church, holding her gilt-edged and Turkey-bound hymn-book. The clergyman gave out the hymn, number 1076. The lady fumbled over her book a moment, then leaned over to her neighbor, and the hymn being pointed out to her, was heard to mutter, "*one, 0, seven, six,*" with which memoranda she succeeded in finding the place.

Burglars in New York continue to perform midnight pranks. So thoroughly do citizens understand this, that we do not believe it possible for the most devout believer in spiritual manifestations in *this* city to be "taken in" as was a novice in another city:

> He was in his first comfortable snooze when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirit on the table, indeed!
>
> "Who's there?"
>
> There was no answer, and the noise stopped.
>
> "Any body there?"
>
> No answer.
>
> "It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. [*Aloud.*] If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify the same by saying 'Ay'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room will it please to rap three times?"
>
> Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.
>
> "Is it the spirit of my sister?"
>
> No answer.
>
> "Is it the spirit of my mother?"
>
> Three taps.
>
> "Are you happy?"
>
> Nine taps.
>
> "Do you want any thing?"
>
> A succession of very loud raps.
>
> "Will you give me a communication if I get up?"
>
> No answer.
>
> "Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"
>
> Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit he turned over and fell asleep.
>
> On getting up in the morning he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down into the hall, and his great-coat off altogether.

It is said that a Massachusetts man has invented a *cotton-picking* machine, which will do the work of twenty men, gathering cotton as clean as the most expert hand could do it, taking it only from the bolls which are ripe and well open, leaving the undeveloped pods uninjured, and not harming the plant. If this really proves to be a success—as skillful experts in Massachusetts pronounce it—it will materially aid in reducing the price of cotton.

To see a person in church nodding—apparently (from a back view) in approbation of the minister's opinions—is not such a very rare sight in the city, though more common, perhaps, in the country. If seats in church were constructed after the pattern of those in St. Philip's Chapel, England, built long before the time of Henry VIII., sleeping in church would be attended with difficulty, not to say danger. These seats are so fixed upon hinges that those who sit on them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the old monks who used them dropped asleep during the service the seat came forward and pitched them headlong on the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the oaken back, and made noise enough to attract the attention of the whole congregation. In our day, however, comfortable seats may be retained, provided we have life-like preaching and thorough ventilation in the church. If the carbonic acid gas generated on one Sunday is carefully shut up for respiration on the succeeding Sunday, of course the congregation will experience the natural somniferous effects, and the minister himself will most likely be monotonously soporific.

We may laugh at the quaintness of speech in the little anecdote given below, but there is an underlying lesson in it which we all might well learn and practice:

> A black minister was closing up his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill-manners to laugh, so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly, "Bless a'l dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commeucing again, just before the "Amen," the pious old negro said: "O Lord! we are not in de habit of addin' postscripts to our prayers; but if the 'spression, 'Bless all dat is human,' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human also besides. Amen!"

The prognosticators of evil declare that we shall have few peaches this season, as all the buds, they say, were winter-killed. Perhaps this is really true at last. But fruit-dealers have for so many seasons followed the example of the boy in the fable, who cried out, "*A wolf! a wolf!*" that we don't believe them, and expect to eat peaches in their season just as usual.

It is said that there is a plague of mice this spring in Ohio. They have attacked the fruit-trees in some sections, and destroyed over five thousand trees. They are so thick that in passing through the fields in some places they scatter before you in every direction.

A London correspondent of *The Queen* gives the following incident *apropos* of the cattle plague:

> "I was much amused by a conversation I overheard the other day between two dancing acquaintances. 'Do you know the last new galop?' 'What, the United Service?' 'No.' 'The Eclipse?' 'No.' 'The Croquet?' 'No.' 'The Orpheus?' 'No.' 'The Harum-scarum?' 'No.' 'The Donato?' 'No.' 'Why, my good fellow, these are all the newest.' 'Oh no! there's one later than any of them; haven't you heard the Rinderpest Galop?' 'Why, you don't mean to say people have had the bad taste to—' ''Pon my word they have though; it's a capital one too.'"

The greatest crusade against *natural* hair was in the time of William the Third. It is recorded that a barber wrote the following lines, and placed them with a painting of Absalom outside his door:

"Oh Absalom, oh Absalom,
Oh Absalom, my son,
If thou hadst worn a periwig,
Thou hadst not been undone!"

Another record is that two barbers, having quarreled, appeared in court. The complaint was, by the first barber, that he had a sign of a man, artistically painted, hanging to a tree by his long hair, which had caught in the boughs. Under the picture were words of similar import to these:

"Passenger, here you may behold
The fate of Absalom the bold:
If he had wisely worn a wig,
He'd not have hung upon this twig."

The rival barber and poet thereupon had a sign painted of a man drowning, and another man seeking to rescue him, but in vain, as he had clutched hair which proved to be a wig, and away the drowning man floated. Underneath is this verse:

"Even if you are paid for it,
Do not put a wig on your pate
My friends, be quite assured of it,
To false hair this gent owes his fate."

The judge and the audience laughed heartily, and to the discomfiture of the possessor of the first sign, the judge declared he could not see any wrong done, and dismissed the case.

There seem to be matrimonial difficulties in other parts of the world as well as in America, and trials—we mean *court* trials, not domestic ones—arising therefrom. In a case which has recently been brought into the London courts a wife gives evidence that her husband put her into an omnibus on October 15, 1863, saying that he "should be home to dinner," and that he had not yet returned. This reminds us of a bit of dialogue in a novel now in course of publication in one of the French journals: "Where is your husband?" says a gentleman. "He went out to buy a cigar," replies the lady. "Has he been gone long?" asks the gentleman. "Eighteen years," replies the lady. "He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically. "He wants to choose a good one."

Telegraphic mistakes are not altogether sectional, as may be seen by the following incident:

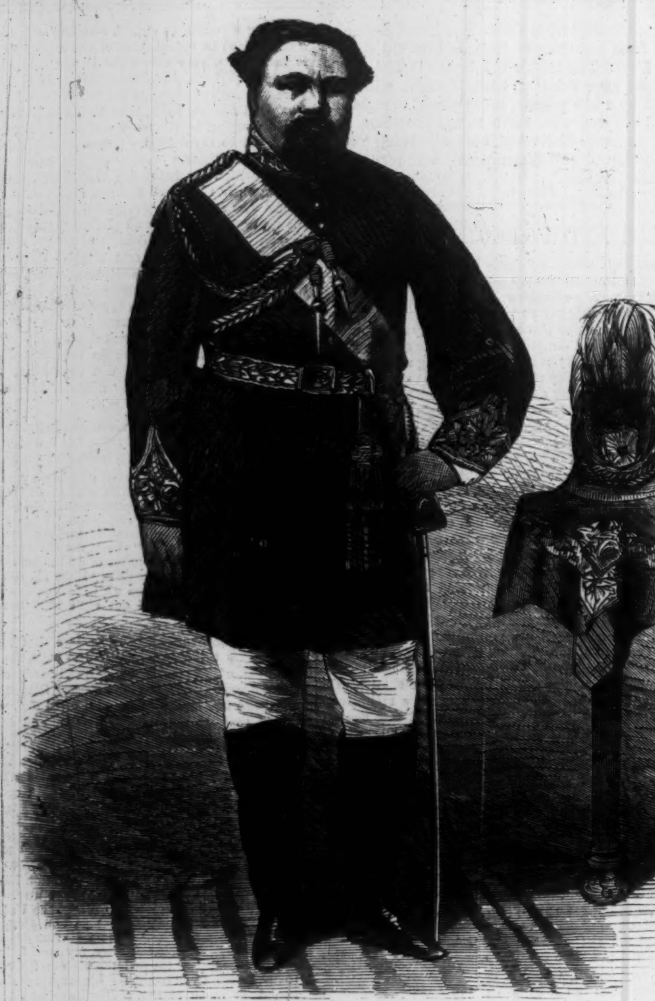
> Some time ago a functionary in Algeria applied to the Minister of Public Works for permission to build some fountains in the town placed under his enlightened rule. The answer he received by telegraph ran as follows: "*Construisez q. q. fontaines.*" The initial letters stood, of course, for *quelques*, but the matter-of-fact shepherd of the people read them as numerical figures, and accordingly dotted the town all over with 99 fountains. Never was there a place so well supplied with water.

A singular instance is on record of a family of five persons who have resided upon a farm in Derry, New Hampshire, for a period of fifty-three years, during which time there was neither a birth, death, nor marriage in the family. Neither did they during the time put a letter into the post-office, take one out, or take a newspaper. This was apparently a case of total stagnation.

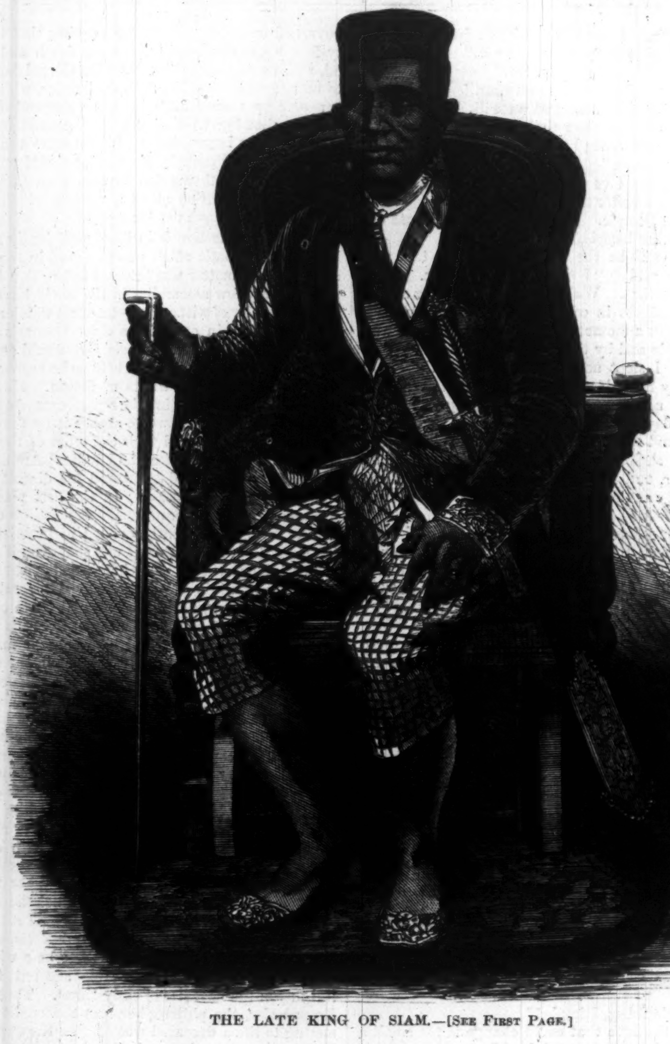
A Richmond paper says that young men are scarce in that city, and maidens and widows plenty. The editor thus relieves his mind:

> "We do not think, in view of the great scarcity of men, that it is fair for widows to marry a second time until all the young maidens have secured husbands. The Legislature ought to attend to this matter, and protect the interests of young ladies, for without the aid of legal enactments the widows are sure to play the grab game."

Now in China the customs of society are such that it is considered a disgrace to marry a widow, no matter how intelligent, interesting, and handsome she may be, as well as a disgraceful or shameful step on the part of the widow to consent to marry again. No rich and fashionable family ever marries a son to a widow. Poor families sometimes arrange to marry one of their sons to a widow, when they feel themselves unable to procure a girl of good character on account of the necessary expense incurred in such a case. The expense attendant on marrying a widow is comparatively small.



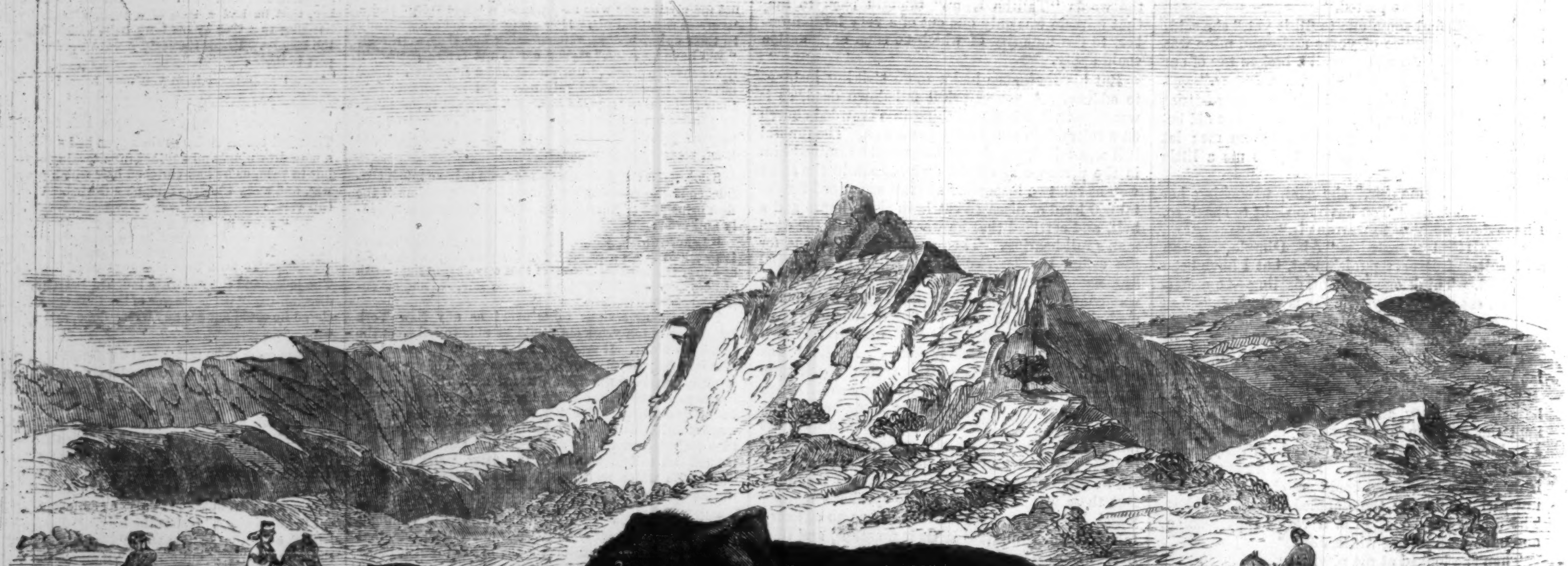
KAMEHAMEHA V., KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—[See Page 238.]



THE LATE KING OF SIAM.—[See First Page.]

ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

We give on this page an illustration of a characteristic scene in Central African life as witnessed by the well-known traveler, Mr. S. W. Baker, in his expedition to the source of the White Nile and the shores of Lake Albert, Nyassa. The subject of the sketch is elephant-hunting with the sabre, as practiced by the Hamran Arabs on the frontiers of Abyssinia, along the Settite River. Mr. Baker hunted with these Arabs for some months in 1862. So dextrous are they as riders that they can pick up a stone from the ground at full gallop, and both dismount and remount at the same pace. They hunt all kinds of animals with no other weapon than the sabre, including the lion, the rhinoceros, and the elephant. The great art is to divert the attention of the elephant when hunted to bay; the enraged animal then follows one man with great fury, and at this opportunity a hunter gallops up behind him and, swiftly dismounting, severs the "tendon of Achilles" with one blow of the sabre, used with two hands. This at once disables the



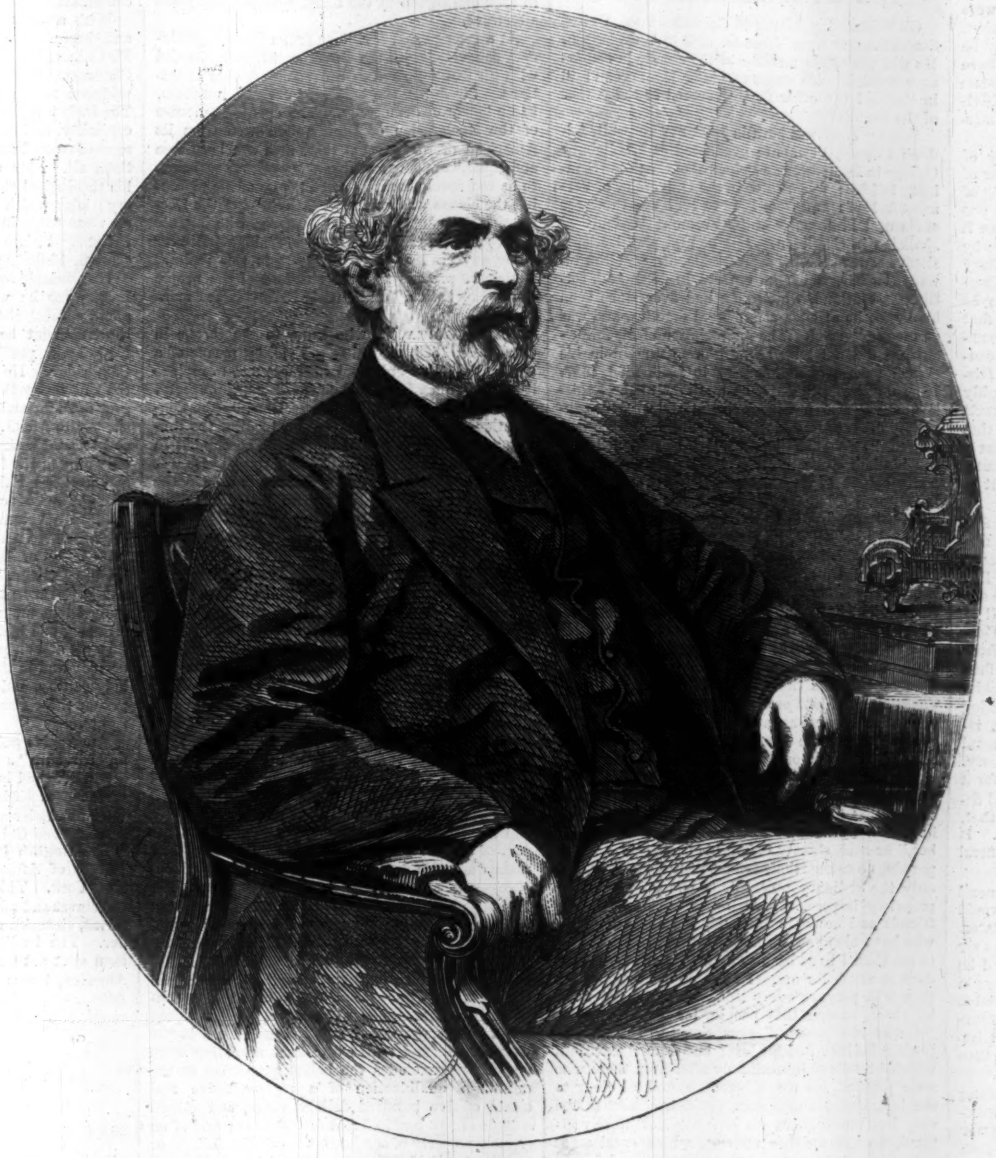
ARABS OF ABYSSINIA HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

huge beast, and, the blow being repeated on the other leg, he quickly bleeds to death, being thus actually *killed* with the sabre.

No other tribe but the Hamran Arabs hunt in this way. The danger is exceedingly great, and many hunters lose their lives. Having shared in these hunts, Mr. Baker has been an eye-witness to what might otherwise have seemed, even to an old elephant-hunter like himself, quite incredible.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

Robert Edmund Lee was undoubtedly the most popular of the conspicuous Confederate leaders. The political chiefs had all excited special animosities, but a certain passivity of temperament and mildness of manner conciliated all who came personally in contact with Lee, and his military career had separated him from local intrigue and consequent calumny. It pleased the imagination of his section, also, that he was of a noted Virginian family sprung of English Cavaliers. His father was "Light Horse" or "Legion Harry" of the Revolution, who had been warmly praised by Washington and Greene, and was known as one of the most dashing officers of that war. Lee himself was the owner of the White House estate and of Arlington House, and, as second in his class at West Point, as a brave soldier in Mexico, where he was brevetted as Colonel, as Superintendent of the Military Academy, and Chief of Staff to Lieutenant-General Scott, he added individual distinction to that which he had inherited, and completed the spell which charmed the Southern fancy. It was not difficult for that fancy to see in such a man, when placed at the head of an army, a "great Captain," and to describe a leader whose life was correct as a "Christian soldier and gentleman."



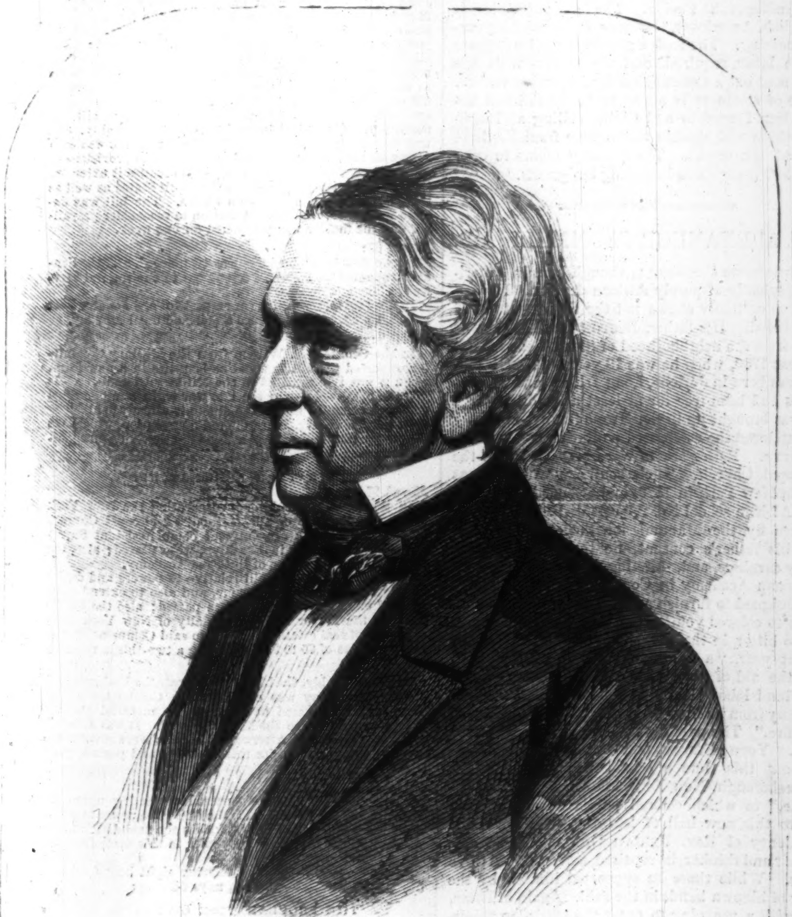
ROBERT E. LEE, IN CIVIL LIFE.—[Photographed by Brady.]

General Lee was born in 1808, and graduated at West Point in 1829. He was First Lieutenant of Engineers in 1836, and Captain in 1838. He was Chief Engineer with General Wool in Mexico, served gallantly in the chief actions there, was severely wounded, and finally brevetted Colonel. In 1852 he was Superintendent at West Point. In 1855 he was relieved and made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry. On the 16th March, 1861, he was made Colonel of the First Cavalry. From the time that he left Mexico until he drew his sword against the United States he had seen no active service, except that, during the night of the 18th October, 1858, following the failure of old John Brown's enterprise at Harper's Ferry, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee arrived with ninety United States marines and two pieces of artillery, and occupied the Armory guard, very near the engine-house.

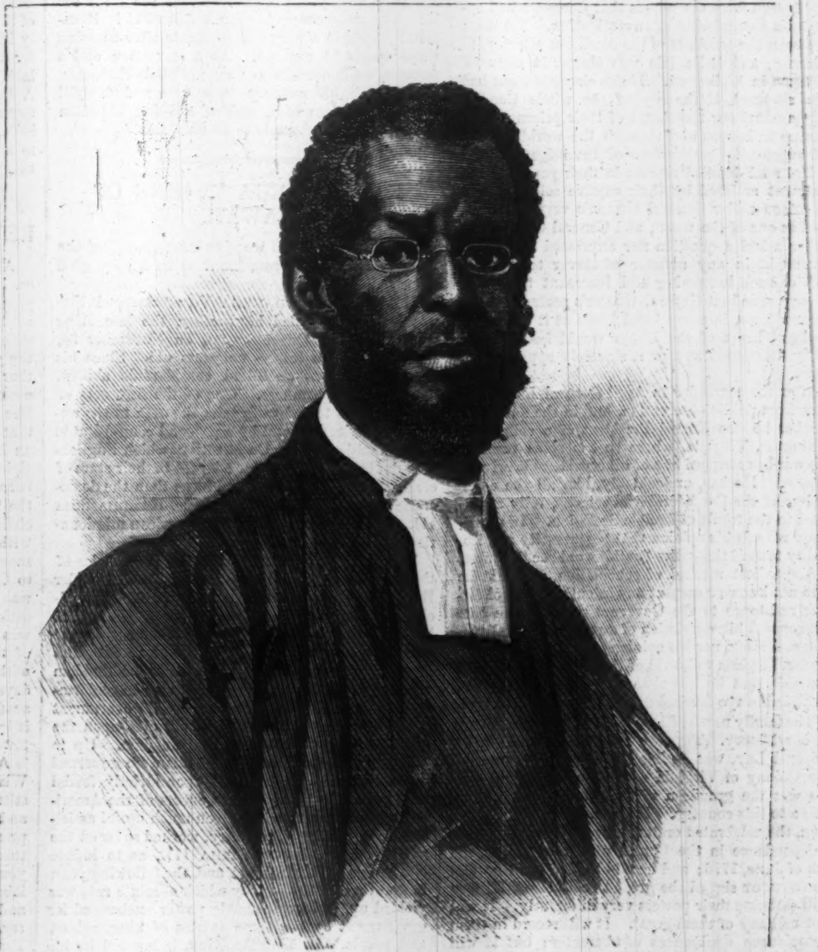
Colonel Lee remained attached to the military family of General Scott, and in intimate personal and official relations with him, until the 20th of April, 1861, the day after the massacre in Baltimore, and six days after the fall of Fort Sumter. On that day he wrote to General Scott from Arlington House, resigning his commission. He had already received overtures from the rebel authorities in Virginia, and no one knew better than Colonel Lee that resignation in the face of the enemy, with the intention of joining him, is treated as desertion by the military custom of all nations. But bred in the political school of his section, which made the flag under which he had always served an unmeaning rag, a sincere sophistry doubtless saved Colonel Lee from the sense of dishonor. In his letter of resignation he spoke with unquestionable sincerity of "the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed....Save in defense of my native State I never desire again to draw my sword." It was not the letter of a conscious conspirator, but of a man deluded and confused by a conflict which he could not comprehend. On the same day he wrote to his sister: "Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." After speaking of his resignation and his hope that his State may never need his services, he concludes: "I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

These letters were written on the 20th of April. Three days before, on the 17th, the Virginia Convention had secretly voted to secede. On the 25th Governor Letcher proclaimed that the State had joined the Confederacy, although the question had not yet been submitted to the people, and he placed the whole military force of Virginia under the supreme command of Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. Yet such was the confusion of Colonel Lee's mind as to the actual situation, that on the 6th of May he accepted the chief command of all the secession forces in Virginia, seventeen days before the State voted to secede, which she did, under the advice of James M. Mason that every one who offered to vote against secession should be shot. In his late testimony General Lee says that he undoubtedly took the oath to the Confederacy if it were required, but he does not recall the fact. He was soon afterward appointed General, and finally Generalissimo of the Confederate forces, but remained in Virginia throughout the war, personally directing the operations in defense of Richmond.

It is remarkable that the fate of the Confederacy should have been intrusted to one who recognized "no necessity for this state of things," and who acted from what may be called a mechanical sense of duty. General Lee, according to his own testimony, had none of the ardent conviction of his associates, and his career is an interesting illustration of the moral confusion so often produced by a merely military training. For granting Virginia to be the supreme authority to which he owed allegiance, was all that Virginia did to be approved and personally supported by him merely because she did it? Is the moral duty of a man abrogated because his government commits a crime—for surely a revolution involving the misery of war, if it be of "no necessity," is a crime. Taking General Lee's own view, if Virginia fired upon a foreign government without necessity, was the foreign government to



THE LATE SOLOMON FOOT, SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 238.]



THE REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL.—[See Page 238.]

submit; or if it resisted did its resistance make the assault necessary? Such questions, of course, were not asked by General Lee. He was a Virginian. Virginia commanded, or he thought she did, and he obeyed, but with more alacrity than might have been expected of so reluctant an adherent of State sovereignty. Such conduct may show the discipline of the soldier, but it certainly proves the moral confusion of the man.

Mexico had proved the personal gallantry of General Lee, but his genius as the commander of an army was yet to be proved. In the opening of the late war his strategy in West Virginia was much celebrated among the Confederates, but it failed to win victories. He was defeated there by General Reynolds at Greenbrier, and his military capacity was first fully tested in the Peninsula Campaign. He was already called a great captain; he stood upon his own ground; his army equaled that of his antagonist, and that antagonist was M'Clellan. Here certainly was an opportunity. A candid writer in Harper's admirable "Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," who has thoroughly studied in the reports of both sides the Peninsula Campaign and the Seven Days' Battles, says that "never in history was better fighting and never worse generalship on both sides;" and he attributes Lee's success in raising the siege to the fact that he committed fewer errors than M'Clellan.

Lee's two aggressive movements were fatal failures. The first ended at Antietam, which the rebels claimed as a victory—a claim which is ostensibly confirmed by M'Clellan's permission to Lee to withdraw across the river unmolested. The second ended at Gettysburg, which, with the fall of Vicksburg, was the turning-point of the war. General Lee continued, however, to show a brave front in Virginia, although he doubtless foresaw the final catastrophe of his cause. The country favored him entirely. It was peculiarly difficult for an invading force, and Lee, taught by sharp experience, remained upon the defensive to the end. General Grant's final campaign against him was masterly. His task was simple, but it was tremendous; for it was to hurl the enemy back upon his base, and destroy him on the way, if possible; and failing that, after he was securely intrenched in his citadel. It was done; and General Lee's surrender to General Grant was the virtual end of the war.

The confidence of the Confederates in General Lee was unabated to the last, and they would doubtless have gladly seen him made Dictator. No word of censure or of harsh criticism was ever spoken against him, and when he surrendered he was more trusted than ever. His portrait hangs in all the homes of the late insurgent section; and it is one of the curious incidents of the whole insurrection that a man doubtless of an amiable character, but of no more remarkable qualities than General Lee has displayed, should be its idol.

The strongest feeling against General Lee among loyal citizens arose, first, from his proceeding directly from the military confidence of General Scott to the direction of the enemy's operations; and then from his total inaction during the sufferings of Union men at Belle Isle, the Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury. In his late testimony he states distinctly that he knew of no cruelty, and has no reason to believe that it was practiced; that no report of suffering was made to him; that he knew, of course, in a general way, that prisoners on both sides suffered somewhat; but the care of prisoners was entirely in the hands of the War Department, and he had heard vaguely that it had done what it could for relief. But General Lee could not have been ignorant of the horrible reports. He must have known from the papers that Congress had appointed a Commission of Investigation. He must have seen the accounts of the condition of returned prisoners; and Belle Isle was almost in sight of his home in Richmond. If the circumstances had been reversed, if the cry of the whole Confederacy against our treatment of their prisoners had gone up to heaven and through the world, if they had appointed Commissions of Investigation, and we had read detailed reports in their papers of the treatment endured by their captive soldiers—and if a prison under General Grant's very eye were noted as one of the worst, and General Grant had neither asked a question nor expressed a wonder, nor sought in any manner whatever to test the truth of such harrowing and incessant tales—we are very sure that General Grant's portrait would not now hang in every loyal home as it does, and the loyal heart of the Union would have as severely denounced as now it sincerely applauds his name.

After the surrender in April General Lee withdrew from public observation, and in the following October he was elected President of a college at Lexington, Virginia, where he has since resided. The war has stripped him of his considerable private fortune. He has, undoubtedly, like all the chief leaders of the Confederate movement, fully acquiesced in the result of forcible Secession. His testimony reveals his opinion that "generosity and liberality toward the entire South" would be the surest and speediest method of conciliation, and that he does not know or suspect any intention there of farther resistance to the Government. Yet he does not conceal his conviction of a present total alienation of feeling, nor his opinion that it would be better for Virginia to be rid of the colored population. He adds that he has always been of that opinion, and has always favored gradual emancipation.

The family name of Lee has a certain prominence in our history. Thomas Lee, the grandfather of General Lee, was acting Provisional Governor of the Colony of Virginia more than a century ago. He was the grandson of the first emigrant of his name to this country. His son, Richard Henry Lee, the celebrated orator, moved the resolution of independence in the Continental Congress, on the 7th of June, 1776; and he and his brother Francis Lightfoot signed the great Declaration. History will estimate their powers very differently. It will not call any of them great. It will record in them conspicuous weaknesses of character; but it will doubtless acquit them all of base intention.

THE LATE SENATOR FOOT.

On Wednesday, March 28, Solomon Foot, United States Senator from Vermont, died in Washington. He was the oldest member of the Senate in continuous service. He was, as Senator Doolittle said in Rutland the other day, "revered as the Father of the Senate."

Senator Foot was born in 1802, at Cornwall, Addison County, Vermont; graduated at Middlebury College in 1826; became Principal of Castleton Seminary in 1826; was a tutor in the University of Vermont in 1827; and from 1828 to 1831 was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Vermont Academy of Medicine in Castleton. His mental predilections, always toward the legal profession, directed him toward the bar, which he entered in 1831, and, settling at Rutland, which city had ever since been his home, he at once commenced practice, and was at once successful. The appreciation of his fellow-citizens did not long allow him to remain in his chosen sphere of action; for in 1833, 1836, 1837, 1838, and again in 1847, he was sent to the Legislature as Representative from Rutland, and his popularity in that assemblage afterward, in 1837, raised him to the Speaker's chair, which he occupied during his last three terms of service. After this a wider sphere of duty demanded his presence, and he entered Congress in 1842, being re-elected in 1844. Returning to Rutland in 1846, after having declined re-election, he resumed his legal practice, but was suffered to retain it for only four years, being elected United States Senator in 1850. He held this position ever after. His present term of office would have expired in 1869. His Congressional life was active and highly serviceable. He was an able and conscientious member of several important committees, and during a part of the Thirty-sixth and the whole of the Thirty-seventh Congress President *pro tem.* of that body.

Senator Foot was, at the same time, a man of great tact in all the details of business, and a speaker of considerable oratorical power. No one could look upon his face without being convinced of three things: that Mr. Foot was a man of great common sense; that he was a perfect gentleman; and that he was a Christian. "When I leave this chamber," he said, shortly before his death, "I wish no parade, no ostentatious demonstrations to be made; only the ordinary proceedings which custom and propriety impose. I desire to be borne to my friends and home in Rutland, Vermont—a people who have always been faithful to me, more faithful to me than I have been to them, I fear; they have done so much for me. I have no house there, but they will prepare every thing needful; and there by them, among that people, let me be buried." "I was not present," says Senator Doolittle, "when he breathed his last; but from the account which I received immediately after from those who were present, his consciousness remained clear to the last, and his utterance distinct, almost to the very last breath. In his last words, distinctly uttered, he left another message which speaks not only to you and to me, but to all men and for all time. In all history I can not remember to have read of a dying Christian whose last words were more touching and heavenly, and more triumphant over death and the grave. Seeing his time was at hand, the words of the twenty-third Psalm were then repeated to him by his wife. He called her to his side and folded his arms around her for a moment. Then, as his breathing became choked, he said: 'What! can this be death? so easy! Has it come already?' In a few moments after, with a face lighted up as with a soul just entering into Paradise, he joyfully exclaimed, 'I see it! I see it! The gates are wide open. Beautiful! Beautiful!' And in a very few moments after uttering these words he expired. As a statesman and a Senator, we honor him as a man of noble character. We cherish his memory as a true and faithful friend. We lose him, and as a dying Christian what a glorious example to all mankind!"

KAMEHAMEHA V., KING OF HAWAII.

The portrait which we give on page 236 of the King of Hawaii is pronounced to be a very good likeness.

This King Kamehameha V., pronounced Ka-maia-maia, succeeded his brother, the late King and husband of Queen Emma, on November 30, 1863, being then thirty-one years old. Since his accession he has exhibited considerable ability, judgment, and firmness. One of the first acts of his reign was to refuse to take the oath to the existing Constitution, and by a peaceful coup-d'état to give his subjects a new Constitution, which Englishmen doubtless think better adapted to their state of civilization and their national ideas than the democratic one established by his uncle, Kamehameha III., under the influence of the American missionaries, in 1852.

The history of the revolution in the politics of the Sandwich Islands thus brought about under British influence is very interesting. By the articles of the Constitution given to the people in 1852 by Kamehameha III., it was incumbent on the successor to the vacant throne to take an oath that he would maintain the Constitution of the kingdom whole and inviolate, and would govern in conformity therewith. This no lover of free government would hesitate to pronounce an advance upon the previous political status of the kingdom. Up to the year 1839 the Hawaiian Islands were governed by an absolute monarch, and upon strictly feudal principles. In that year the efforts of the American missionaries who had given much useful assistance in governing the country, worked so far on the patriotic king, Kamehameha III., as to induce him to sign a Bill of Rights, and, the following year, to grant a Constitution, by which absolute rule was yielded up, and irresponsible power exchanged for government by the three estates of king, nobles, and people. In 1850 the King, influenced by his British friends, recommended a new Constitution, less Democratic in its features. It was perfected in 1852 and signed by the King, who died two years afterward.

At a later period Mr. Wyllie, a Scotch gentleman connected with the Government, corresponded with Sir John Bowring concerning farther alterations. Sir John, the editor of Jeremy Bentham, had a horror of democracy. The opening sentence of the Declaration of Rights, borrowed from its American prototype, that "all men are born free and equal," appeared to this aristocratic gentleman to be too revolutionary; but in spite of his reasoning the clause was retained. Article 12 of the Declaration pronounced that "No person who imports a slave or slaves into the king's dominions shall ever enjoy any civil or political rights in this realm." Article 19 prescribed, "All elections of the people shall be by ballot;" and Article 78 established manhood-suffrage.

Kamehameha V., who came to the throne in November, 1863, wished to get rid, by means of a national vote, of universal suffrage, and to replace it by a qualification based on income and property. He refused to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, and called a convention to alter the provisions of this latter instrument. The conflict in the convention was spirited and sharp. There was much wrangling, and not a little abuse. On the part of the representatives there was determined opposition to the King's design.

On the 13th of August the King's patience had broken down. "This is the fifth day of the discussion of this article," said his Majesty. "I am very sorry that we do not agree on this important point. It is clear to me that if universal suffrage is permitted this Government will soon lose its monarchical character. Thank you, delegates and nobles, for the readiness with which you have come to this convention, in accordance with my proclamation. As we do not agree, it is useless to prolong the session. And as at the time his Majesty Kamehameha III. gave the Constitution of the year 1852, he reserved to himself the power of taking it away, if it was not for the interest of his Government and people; and as it is clear to me that that King left the revision of the Constitution to my predecessor and myself; therefore, as I sit in his seat, on the part of the sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands, I make known to-day that the Constitution of 1852 is abrogated. I will give you a Constitution." His Majesty requested ministers to remain at present in their respective positions, in order to avoid confusion and disturbance, and he then dissolved the convention.

On the 20th of August, a week after the breaking up of the Convention, the promised new Constitution appeared. It omits the obnoxious axiom about "free and equal," gives the King a larger place in the state, makes cabinet ministers more responsible, excludes the ballot, prescribes as the minimum qualification of a representative real estate of five hundred dollars' value, and annual income of two hundred and fifty dollars; and of an elector, property of one hundred and fifty dollars, or twenty-five dollars a year rent on leasehold property, and seventy-five dollars yearly income, together with certain intellectual acquirements. It includes a stringent article on royal marriages, and on the succession to the Crown; and, the King being unmarried, it provides for a new *stirps* for a royal family, should the present race become extinct.

The little kingdom of Hawaii is, we are glad to see, increasing in commercial prosperity. There is a rapidly-increasing export of sugar, coffee, and other produce, whence the islands are called the West Indies of the Pacific. The foreign population of English, Americans, Germans, and French is yearly increasing. The native population is inadequate for the labor required, and the Government has lately sent out a Commission for importing coolies. A line of steamers is about to be established between San Francisco and China, calling at Honolulu, which will shorten the voyage from England to about six weeks. The country seems to offer many inducements to intending emigrants.

REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, A.B.

Alexander Crummell, though born in America, is probably of purely African descent. His appearance certainly shows not the slightest trait of white blood. His father, Boston Crummell, was stolen from the neighborhood of Sierra Leone about the year 1780, when he was 13 years old. His mother was born in Jericho, Long Island, and her ancestors had been free for at least a hundred years. She was brought up in the Hicks family—a family that produced the celebrated Unitarian Quaker Elias Hicks. Both parents were brought up in the Episcopal Church. Their son, Alexander, was born in New York in 1819, and attended until 1832 the "African school No. 2," established for colored children by the Manumission Society. In 1835, with his father's consent, he took all his little scanty earnings, and, thirsting for knowledge, went to Canaan Academy in Connecticut. This school was designed to furnish an advanced and solid education to colored youth; but the spirit of prejudice was so bitter in the neighborhood that, in August of that year, "a mob assembled in Canaan, and, with the aid of ninety-five yoke of oxen and two days' hard labor, finally succeeded in removing the academy from its site—and afterward they destroyed it by fire." The pupils were compelled to leave the town. Young Crummell returned to New York.

About this time a school was established at Whitesborough, New York, known as "Oneida Institute," to which colored pupils were admitted; and to this new hall of learning, then under the presidency of Rev. Beriah Green, a most able teacher and thinker, he repaired, and remained three years. While there he supported himself by the labor of his own hands in the field. Again at home, and with a yearning to enter the Christian ministry, at the earnest solicitation of his pastor, Rev. Peter Williams, he applied for entrance into the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. But he was refused on account of his complexion.

With undaunted resolution he went to Boston, and through the influence and kindness of Rev. T. M. Clark, D.D., now Bishop of Rhode Island, Dr. Croswell, and Dr. Stone, of Boston, he was introduced to Bishop Griswold, of Massachusetts. The Bishop received him as a candidate with great cordiality, and remarked that "he wished he had a score of colored candidates—he would gladly receive them all." He went to New Haven to complete his theological studies at Yale Theological Seminary; after which he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Griswold in St. Paul's Church, Boston, and Priest by Bishop Lee, of Delaware, in St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia.

He officiated in Philadelphia and New York until 1848, when he went to England. While in England several distinguished persons, who knew of the treatment he had received by the church in New York, proffered him a university course at Cambridge. He accepted this, and continued at the University three years and a half—took his degree of A.B., and, leaving England, went as a missionary to Africa. He became a citizen of Liberia, and labored with great acceptance and success, not only among the heathen natives, but in Monrovia and at Cape Palmas, in raising the standard of thought and education among the emigrant population. He became Master of the High School at Cape Palmas, and three years ago was appointed "Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science in Liberia College."

Mr. Crummell is in every sense a finished man. Polished in manners, dignified in deportment, interesting and instructive in conversation, logical in thought and eloquent in delivery, both extemporaneously and in the pulpit, he is an ornament to his holy calling, and vindicates in his own history and person the claims of his race to justice and equal rights.

Among his published writings are, "An Eulogy on Clarkson;" a volume of "Addresses, Sermons," etc., published in England; "The Responsibilities of the first Fathers of a Country;" "The Negro Race not under a Curse;" "The Relations and Duties of Free Colored Men in America to Africa;" "The English Language in Liberia;" and "The Future of Africa," published three years ago in New York. This last volume, made up mainly of discourses and addresses delivered in Africa, evinces talent, thought, and cultivation of no common order. The leading idea is, that the colored man, then shut out from a worthy career in Europe and America, has a promising future before him in Africa, where he has been called to meet the demands of civilization, commerce, and nationality.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 27:

In the Senate, the President's Veto Message, giving his objections to the Civil Rights bill, was received.—The vote on the New Jersey contested election case was reconsidered, and Mr. Stockton was declared not entitled to his seat—22 to 21.

In the House, Mr. Conkling, from the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, reported the testimony taken in reference to the States of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

March 28:

In the Senate, the death of Senator Foot, from Vermont, was announced, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, on Mr. Morrill's motion, a bill was passed, enacting that "All proceedings touching the levy and collection of the annual tax provided in schedule A of Section 100 of the Act to provide Internal Revenue, etc., approved June 30, 1864, and the act amendatory thereof, approved March 3, 1865, and all proceedings in the levy, return, and collection of the income tax, approved by said act, be postponed for the space of two months. Provided: That all the provisions, remedies, and penalties in said act shall remain in full force and effect in all respects, except so far as the same are changed as to time by the postponement aforesaid."—The Bankrupt bill came up, and Mr. Rogers spoke strongly in its favor. He said some such bill was necessary. He had examined this bill thoroughly, and was free to say that he believed no bankrupt bill was ever drawn in the country so equal and just in its provisions to all sections of the country as this one, because it extended its benefits to the people of the Southern States as well as to the people of the Northern States. The bill was defeated—*yeas* 59, *nays* 73. A motion to reconsider prevailed, and the matter was postponed for one week.

March 29:

In the Senate, no business was transacted, and the Senate proceeded at 1 o'clock to engage in the funeral services in honor of Senator Foot.

In the House, resolutions of respect toward Senator Foot were adopted, and the House adjourned until Monday.

April 2:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson, from the Military Committee, reported the bill to equalize bounties in a new form, when it was recommitted to the Military Committee. It gives to every soldier in the late war eight and one-third dollars per month, minus the amounts already paid.

In the House, Mr. Ward offered a resolution, which was adopted, in favor of prompt action in authorizing an equalization of bounties.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

March 27:

In the Senate, the bills incorporating the New York Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and authorizing an appointment of an Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn, were passed; also, the bill to change the name of the Free Academy.

In the Assembly, the bill relative to powers and duties of Central Park Commissioners, and also to extend their term of office for five years, was passed; also the bill to prohibit the Mayor and Commonalty of New York from disposing of real estate belonging to said Commonalty was lost by a vote of 65 to 33—requiring a two-thirds vote.

March 28:

In the Assembly, the bill to incorporate the Underground Railway Company was considered in Committee of the Whole, and discussed at length. No material amendments were made to the bill as printed. It was ordered to a third reading. Afterward the rules were suspended, and the bill put upon its third reading and passed, yeas 96, nays 13.

March 29:

In the Senate, bills were passed conferring upon the Metropolitan Board of Health the exclusive power to grant licenses for the sale of liquors within the said district, and prohibiting the Railroad Companies in this State from issuing free passes.

In the Assembly, the bill declaring eight hours' labor a day's work was lost—yeas 54, nays 64.

THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

The President has chosen the anniversary of the capture of Richmond as the fit occasion for an official proclamation of the close of the war, or, to use the words of the Proclamation, "that the insurrection which heretofore existed in the States of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida is at an end, and henceforth to be so regarded."

NEWS ITEMS.

The shipments of produce (including cotton) from this port, week ending March 27, reached the currency value of $6,127,258, making the total value of the exports of produce and merchandise from the port, since the 1st of January, nearly $57,000,000.

The hospital records, which have just been footed up, show the enormous aggregates of 253,000 Union soldiers to have died on battle-fields and in hospitals during the war to suppress the rebellion. This does not include those who died at their homes of lingering disease contracted in the service.

The resignation of Major-General John M. Palmer, commanding the Department of Kentucky, tendered some time ago, has been accepted by President Johnson. General Jefferson C. Davis has been appointed in his place.

J. Ross Browne, who accompanied General M'Dowell in his expedition to Arizona, was taken sick at Soda Lake, and had to be left at Fort Mohave.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From England the principal item of interest is the continued advance of American securities, Five-Twenties having reached 72⅞. The London *Times* of the 17th announces that a British war vessel will be sent out, after due notice, to exclude American fishermen from the British Fisheries. St. Patrick's Day passed off quietly in Ireland. No disturbance whatever occurred, and the customary festivities passed off as usual.

In the House of Commons on the 12th, Mr. Gladstone, in a lengthy speech, explained the Reform Bill. The main features are a reduction of the qualification of county voters from fifty pounds to fourteen pounds occupancy, and for boroughs to seven pounds rental, and to lodgers paying ten pounds or upward for apartments. The measure adds about 400,000 to the number of voters. The bill deals only with the franchise, leaving the redistribution of representation for another session.

The cholera is said to have made its appearance in some of the districts of Germany. In that case the danger to ourselves is somewhat imminent, on account of the continuous stream of emigration to the United States from that country.

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HYDE PARK CORNER.

This magnificent Hotel, occupying one of the most cheerful, healthy, and pleasant sites in London, overlooking Hyde Park, Rotten Row, and the Serpentine, is now open at such a reduced Tariff as to render it the cheapest first-class Hotel in London.

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A celebrated physician says he was amazed at the great number of beneficial indications produced by one of these Plasters. He affirms that headache is cured by one worn just below the breast-bone; that one placed over the navel will cure hysterics as well as dysentery, and affections of the bowels.

CURE OF VARICOSE VEINS.

CITY POINT, VA., *January* 24, 1865.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Seeing your notice in the Police Gazette, I got four of your Porous Plasters, and placed them on the parts where the pains were most severe, and in less than twelve hours could walk as well as ever. I could hardly believe it, I was so well pleased. I wanted to see if the lameness would come back on me or not, so I did more walking that day than I had done in a week. The next day I had some pain in my hip; but I put on a plaster there, and in two hours the pain was all gone; nor have I felt it since. Certainly they are the best application for the relief and cure of pains in the joints and back, and for varicose or enlarged veins, I have ever known; and I would not be without them on any account.

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DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF,

Which, in the first stages of a cold, acts like magic. Headache, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, and Bronchitis, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Bad Taste and Smell—being the result of Catarrh—this Snuff removes and prevents all these, and insures a healthy head. Its effects are pleasant and safe, even for infants who suffer from Snuffles.

It has the highest professional testimonials. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by Mail to all parts of the United States, for 30 cents for One Box, or $1 for Four Boxes.

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3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5900 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
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For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

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Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth-patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography,]

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1,000 Cake-Baskets and Ice Pitchers	18	to	30
1,000 Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	15	to	20
3,000 Sets Knives and Forks	10	to	25
5,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6	to	15
3,000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6	to	10
4,000 Butter Knives, per pair	6	to	10
10,000 Gold Pens, silver ex. Case & Pencil	5	to	6
10,000 Gold Pens and gold-m'ted Holders	5	to	8
5,000 California Diamond Rings	5	to	10
3,000 Fancy Enameled and Seal Rings	5	to	8
6,000 Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains	5	to	15
10,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5	to	12
5,000 Drinking Cups and Goblets	5	to	10
10,000 Beautiful Photograph Albums	5	to	10
175,000 Other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, &c.	5	to	12

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